

PUNCH JULY 19 1961

Vol. CCXLI

PUNCH

1/-

120TH BIRTHDAY

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H. Wilson

Punch, July 19 1961



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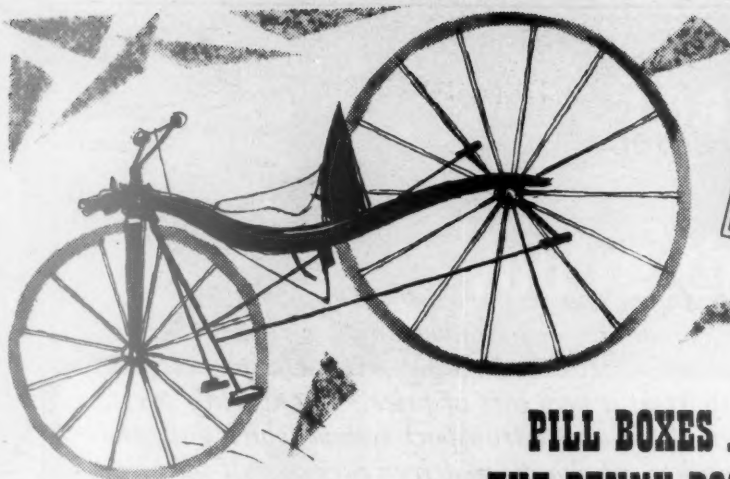
FORDS FOR THE FORCES. Briefly this means that if you are to be posted overseas soon, you can take delivery in England of a new Ford free of purchase tax. You can use it in England for six months (or sometimes twelve months if you have served overseas recently) and then you take it to your overseas posting. So long as you keep it abroad for at least a year and for a further two years when you come back here, you escape purchase tax altogether. And now the most important thing of all: although you are going to take the car abroad, Welbeck offer you hire purchase facilities and will even lend you money to help you pay the shipping costs. If by chance (because you are sent home unexpectedly, for instance) purchase tax becomes due, we'll help you pay that as well. Although you are buying on this concession-basis, we can still handle a part-exchange, and of course you don't have to take delivery in England. You can buy from us whilst abroad and we'll send the car and complete the financial side through the post.

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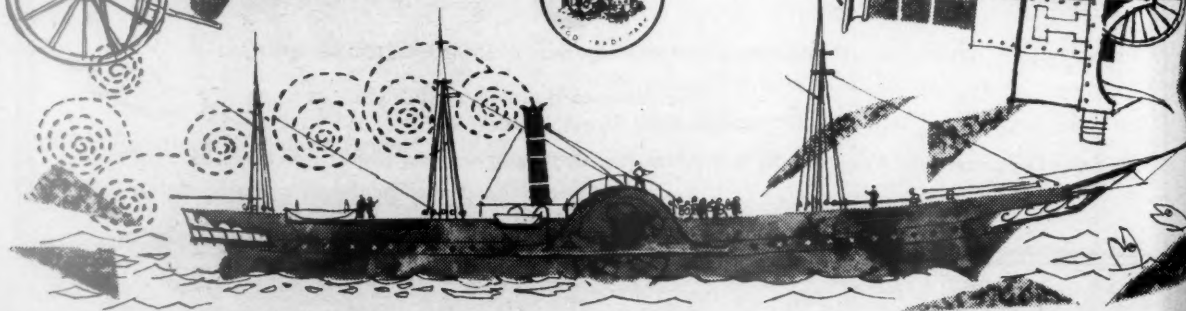
PILL BOXES . . . THE PENNY POST AND ALL THAT

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY YEARS AGO no one had invented the telephone or electric light. Nevertheless men were busy inventing other things. By 1840 a Scot named Macmillan had devised the first pedal cycle, while Stephenson's 'Rocket' was already proving that 'Where there's a wheel there's a way'. In the same year, Rowland Hill introduced his revolutionary penny post and so stamped his name in history for all time. Initiative was visible also in Chesterfield where in 1839 John Bradbury Robinson, seeing that the human race was going to suffer permanently (?) from colds, rheumatism and toothache, began making pill-boxes by hand in his home. Today, the Box Division of Robinsons employs over 1,000 people and has a chain of modern factories where automatic machines produce boxes and cartons to hold sweets, cutlery, cereals, detergents, spices, pre-cooked foods, frozen foods, yes, and pills too!

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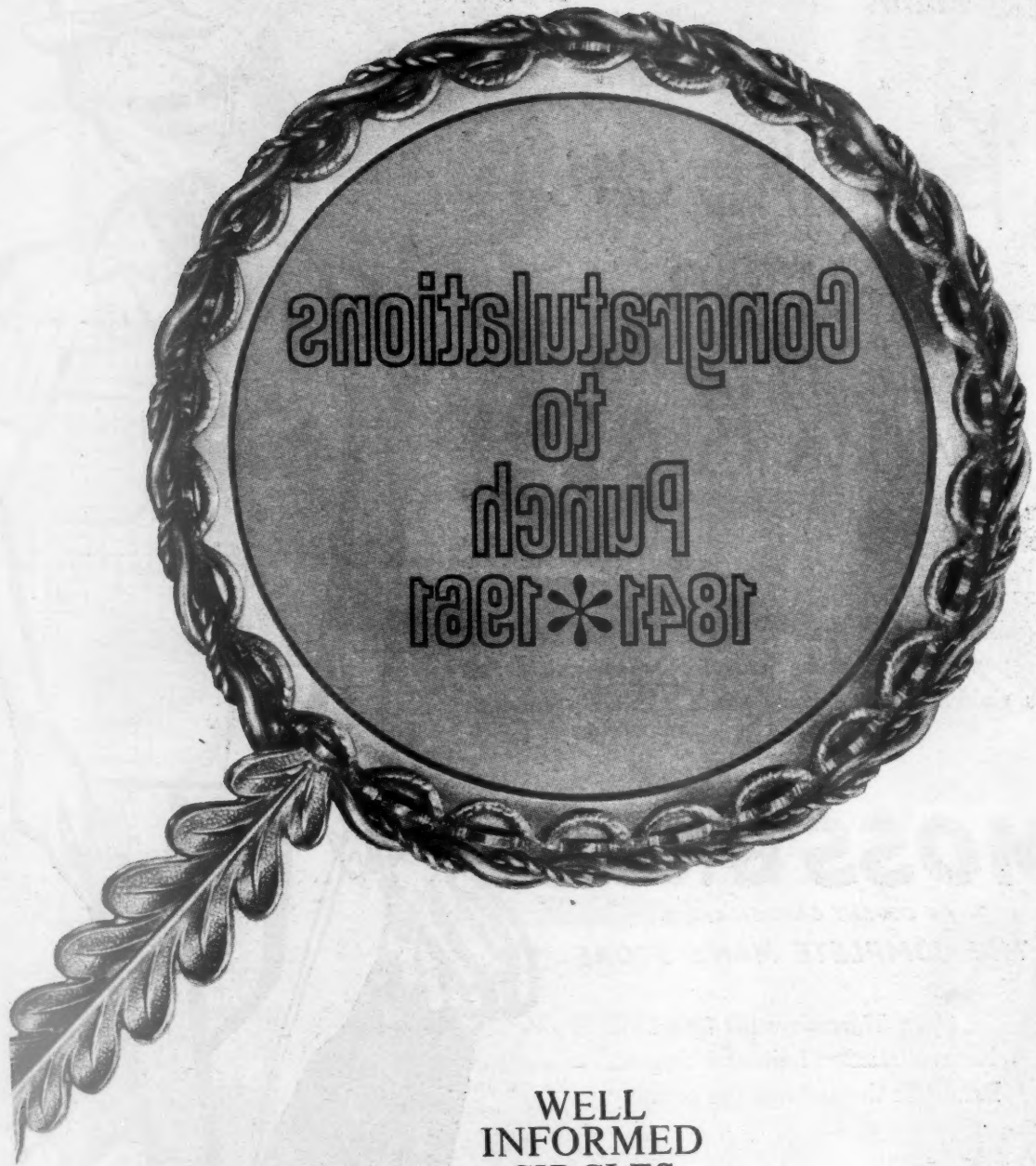
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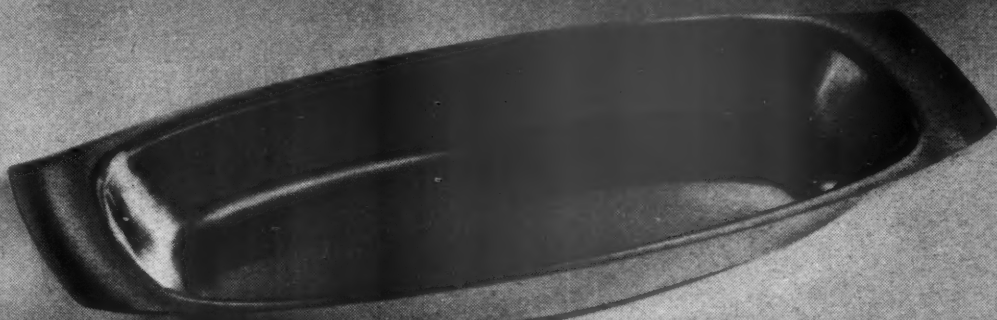
Well-informed circles congratulate the jubilarian Mr. Punch on his ability to hold a mirror to life for a hundred and twenty years without faltering.

Long may he continue to explode the pompous and scarify the pretentious; long may the vain skid on the banana skin. *Ad* (to coin a tag) *multos annos* . . .

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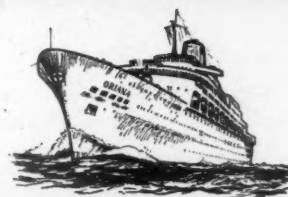


De La Rue



For yours and the Captain's table

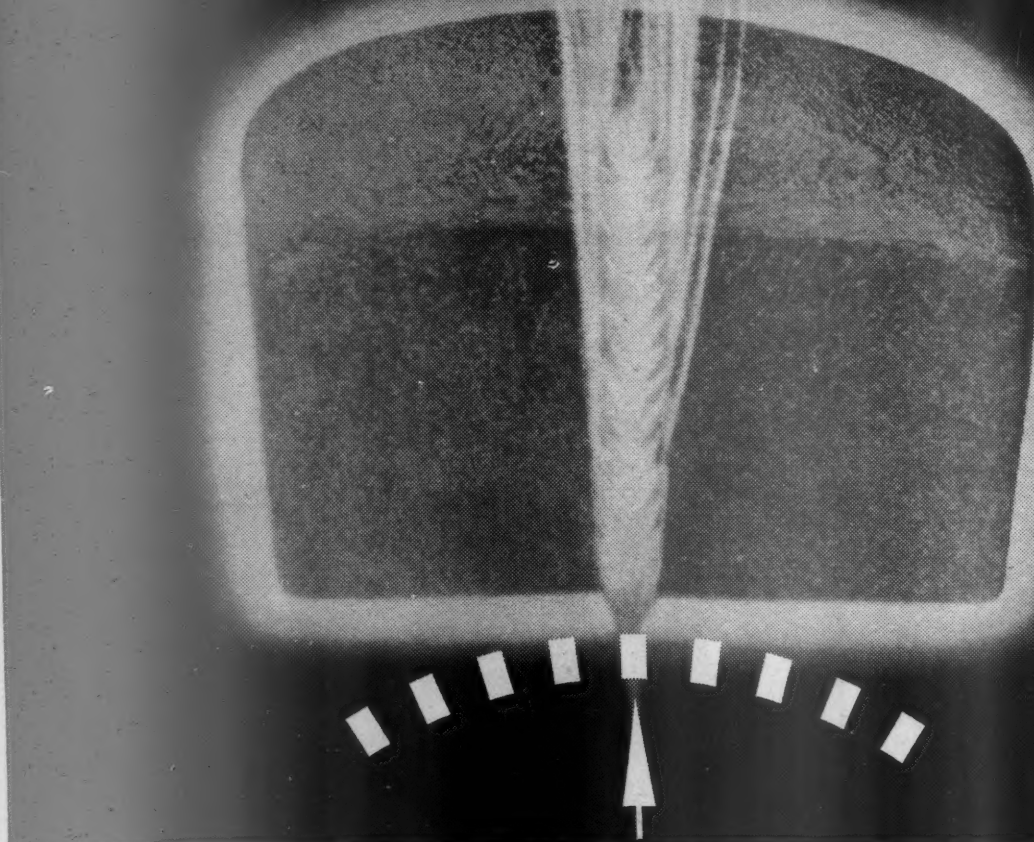
A lovely ship sets sail. From bow to stern, a shipbuilder's dream come true. And for more than two thousand passengers, a three-week life of luxury. Everything superlatively right, down to the last pepper pot. Which reminds us: the tableware is designed by Robert Welch, and made by J. & J. Wiggin. No difficulty at all about a name for it: Oriana. Beautiful to look at, each satin-finished, stainless steel piece. Practical. Modern. It needed to be and it is, Oriana for Oriana. Oriana for you. Oriana for the Captain's table. For a host of land-locked tables, too.



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TO MR PUNCH
ON HIS 120th BIRTHDAY

From the Man from the Prudential
(113 this year)



Good service and good humour
go together.

When people were laughing at this . . . (and some of us still are)



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NEVER CARRY "PATENT VESUVIENNES," 2d. A Box, IN YOUR COAT-TAIL POCKET.

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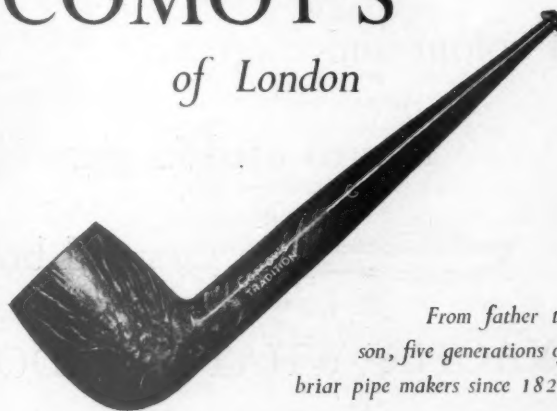
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WE SHARE MANY VIRTUES OF  LONG SERVICE

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face powders



flow smoothly and retain their subtlety

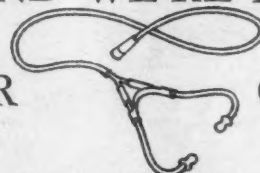
of colour and fragrance) AND VARIETY (our Calofil*

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"I'm a firm believer in rock—
but not roll" purred the ERCOLion.
"Rocking soothes away the stress
and strain of the working day,
gently exercises your muscles
without tiring your feet and back.
And even the most energetic
devotee of rocking therapy can
never tip over backwards in a
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a comforting touch and gaily
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rockers, I believe they're the best
prescription for relaxation
you'll ever rock-a-buy."

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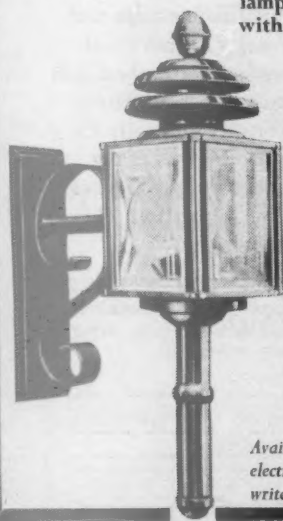
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VERY
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You can see this exciting new beauty in Mappin Plate in any of our shops... or we will send you a catalogue.

Tea-pot 1½ pints, sugar basin, cream jug £19.15.0. Coffee pot or hot water jug 1½ pints £11.15.0 each. Tray 18" £22.10.0.

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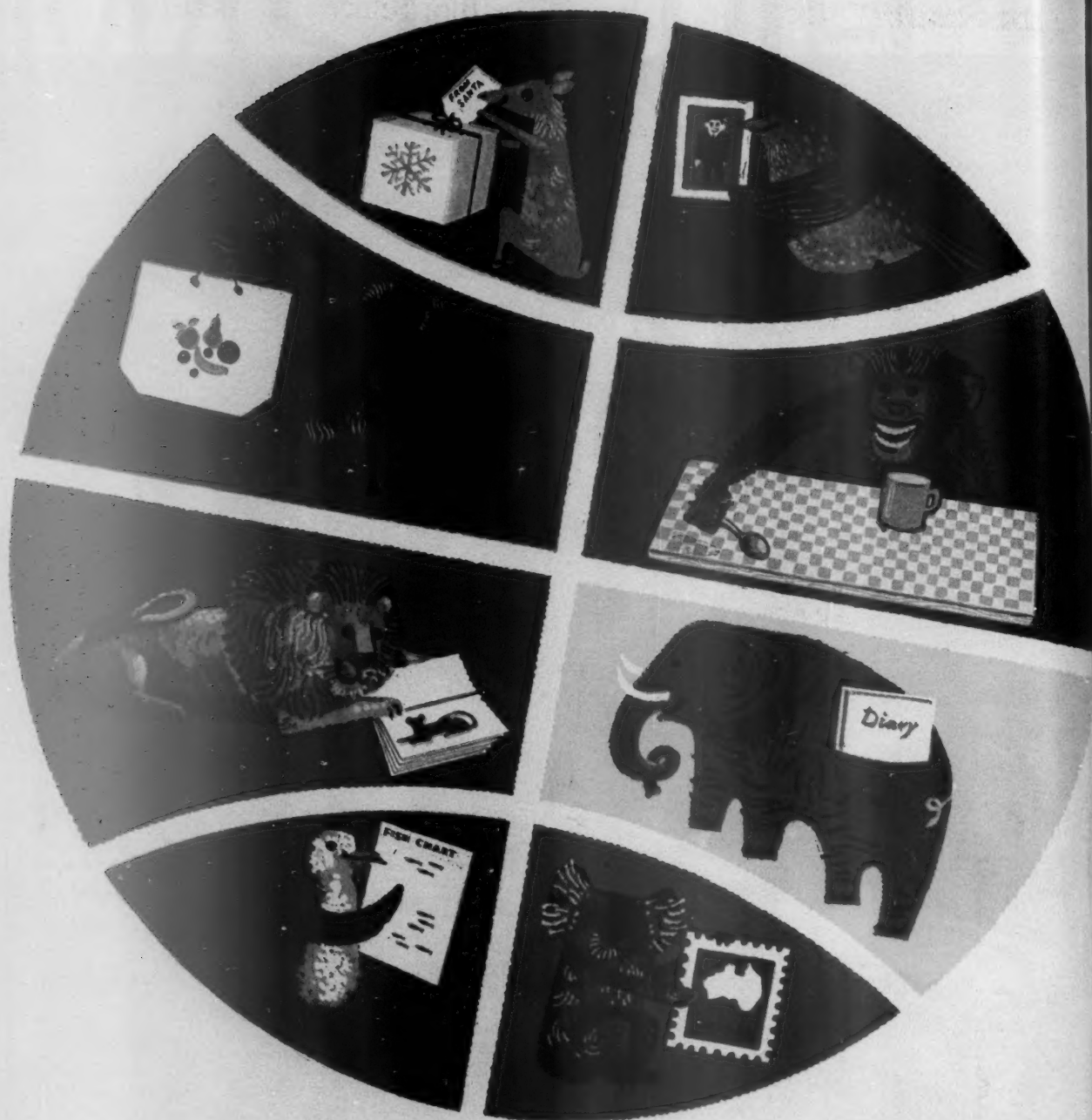


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Some people swelter relentlessly through warm weather in their usual, run-of-the-year clothes. What a mistake! How wise it is to come to terms with the sun by paying a visit to Simpsons and coolly choosing a DAKS lightweight suit. For sun and DAKS suit join in a handsome conspiracy. To give the kind of comfort man-about-Summer deserves. In Simpsons you will discover a latitude of DAKS lightweights at prices from £21.

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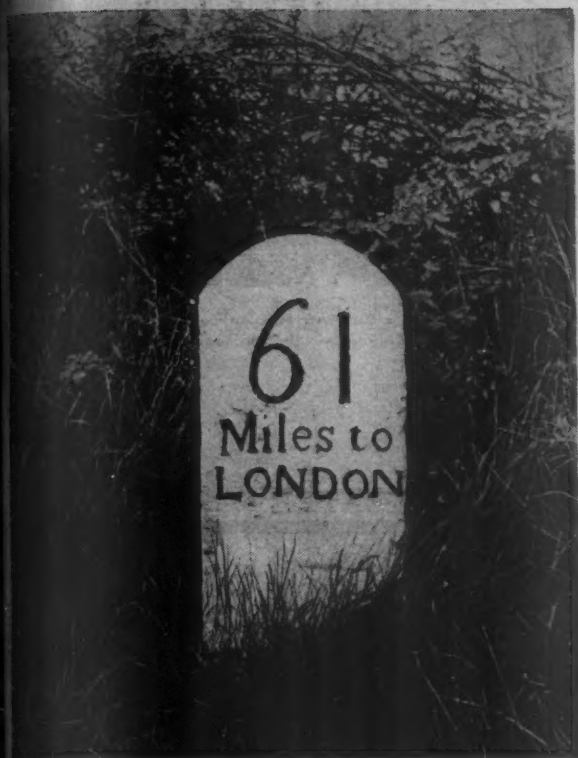


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FROM **FORD** OF BRITAIN



'61

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The House of Butterworth has a long history, the foundations being laid in the reign of Henry VII, at about the time that Columbus discovered America. In 1533, Queen Mary granted the firm a patent to publish 'all authorised books on Common Law', and at about that time, under the famous sign of the Hand and Starre at No. 7 Fleet Street, many well-known works were issued, including Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*.

With offices in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Canada and the U.S.A., Butterworths have a wide coverage, and their imprint is to be found in English-speaking countries all over the world. Amongst their outstanding works are *Halsbury's Laws of England*, *The British Encyclopædia of Medical Practice* and the *Civil Engineering Reference Book*. Many books, too, have been translated into other languages, a good example being *Erskine May's Parliamentary Practice*, which is now available in a great number of translations including French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hungarian and Japanese.

Butterworths are proud of their tradition and reputation. In this, the second year of a new decade, they look ahead to a long future in which they hope to serve the legal, medical and scientific professions as successfully as they have done in the past.

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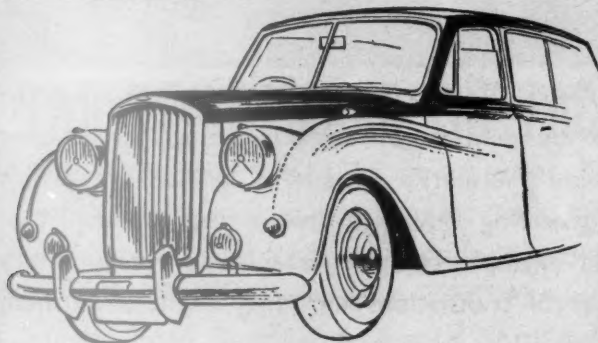
Head Office: 88 Kingsway, London, W.C.2 Showrooms: Bell Yard, Temple Bar, W.C.2

B.M.C. Status Quiz

'STATUS' seems to be the coming word this year, and it's often claimed that cars are important 'status indicators'. Up-to-the-minute as always, we've chosen eight well-known cars, eight different people, eight status-conscious remarks, and asked Brockbank to go to work on them. The test of your 'status awareness' is to put the right person in the right car (a mark for each), the right remark with the right person (a mark each), and name each model of car (another mark each). Total out of 24. Some of them are harder than they look. Answers further on. Cheating lowers your status.



"Handy sort of bus. Cambridge to London in 90 minutes flat. Invaluable for parties too, and all one's clobber."



"My age you learn comfort and ease-of-handling are half the battle. But comfort with a bit of 'zip' don't you know."



THE LONDON CHARIVARI



All the listings are based on the latest information available at the time of going to press.

THEATRE

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

The Amorous Prawn (Piccadilly)—old-mode hearty comedy, funny in places. (16/12/59)

As You Like It (Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford)—good production, with Vanessa Redgrave a memorable Rosalind.

Becket (Aldwych)—fine play by Anouilh.

Beyond the Fringe (Fortune)—four ex-undergraduates very funny in original revue. (17/5/61)

Billy Liar (Cambridge)—newcomer Tom Courtenay in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty. (21/9/60)

The Bird of Time (Savoy)—well-acted first play that fails to come to much. (7/6/61)

The Bride Comes Back (Vaudeville)—the Hulberts and Robertson Hare in simple-minded comedy. (7/12/60)

Bye Bye Birdie (Her Majesty's)—satirical American musical, Chita Rivera wonderful. (21/6/61)

Celebration (Duchess)—facetious north-country slice-of-life, minus a plot. (14/6/61)

The Devils (Aldwych)—fairly dramatic play about seventeenth-century possession by John Whiting out of Aldous Huxley. (1/3/61)

Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be (Garrick)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Ann Edna. (17/2/60)

Hamlet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—poor production. (19/4/61)

Irma la Douce (Lyric)—low-life French musical good for the sophisticated. (23/7/58)

The Irregular Verb to Love (Criterion)—another witty domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams. (19/4/61)

The Kitchen (Royal Court)—new play by Arnold Wesker. (5/7/61)

King Kong (Princes)—spontaneous but rather amateur musical from South Africa. (8/3/61)

Let Yourself Go! (Palladium)—revue. Harry Secombe lovable and Eddie Calvert loud. (31/5/61)

The Merchant of Venice (Old Vic)—very honest production with exciting Shylock and Portia. (7/6/61)

The Miracle Worker (Wyndham's)—Ann Massey brilliant in the Helen Keller story. (15/3/61)

The Mousetrap (Ambassadors)—the nine year wonder. (16/12/52)

Much Ado About Nothing (Stratford-upon-Avon)—disappointing production. (12/4/61)

The Music Man (Adelphi)—slick dancing in due treacly American musical. (22/3/61)

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(7/5/58)

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My Fair Lady (Drury Lane)—still a good musical. (7/5/58)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad (Lyric, Hammersmith)—muddled rag of *avant-garde* dramatists. (Reviewed this week.)

Oliver! (New)—exciting British musical from *Oliver Twist*. (6/7/60)

On the Brighter Side (Phoenix)—witty revue with Betty Marsden and Stanley Baxter. (19/4/61)

Ondine (Aldwych)—fairy tale by Giraudoux minus some of its poetry. (18/1/61)

One Over the Eight (Duke of York's)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue. (12/4/61)

Poetry at the Mermaid (Mermaid)—modern verse read by modern poets.

Progress to the Park (Saville)—slice-of-life about religious bigotry in Liverpool. (10/5/61)

The Rehearsal (Globe)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted. (12/4/61)

Richard III (Stratford-upon-Avon)—lightweight but effective production, with Edith Evans, and Christopher Plummer dashing doty. (31/5/61)

Romeo and Juliet (Old Vic)—verse smothered in Italianate production. (12/10/60)

Ross (Haymarket)—Rattigan's fine study of T. E. Lawrence. (18/5/60)

Simple Spymen (Whitehall)—popular lowbrow farce.

Stop the World, I Want to Get Off (Queen's)—new comedy.

The Sound of Music (Palace)—tunes the best thing in a very sentimental American musical. (31/5/61)

The Tenth Man (Comedy)—funny and touching drama in New York synagogue. (26/4/61)

Twelfth Night (Old Vic)—patchy but interesting production. (26/4/61)

Victor Borge (Saville)—brilliant one-man entertainment.

Watch It Sailor! (Apollo)—pierhead farce surprisingly well acted. (2/3/60)

The World of Suzie Wong (Prince of Wales)—kitchen-drawer novelette with glamour built-in. (25/11/59)

Young in Heart (Victoria Palace)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable. (4/1/61)

You Prove It (St. Martin's)—new comedy. (5/7/61)

REP SELECTION

Dundee Rep, **Night Must Fall**, until July 29.

Queen's, Hornchurch, **Cup and Saucer**, until July 29.

Bromley Rep, **The Hostage**, until July 22.

Guildford Rep, **Settled Out of Court**, until July 22.

CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Absent-Minded Professor (Studio One)—Enjoyable, amusing Disney, with Fred MacMurray as the Professor who discovers gravity-resisting "flubber." (21/6/61)

Ballad of a Soldier (Curzon)—Russian: a young soldier's journey home in war-time. Minor but unusually entertaining. (14/6/61)

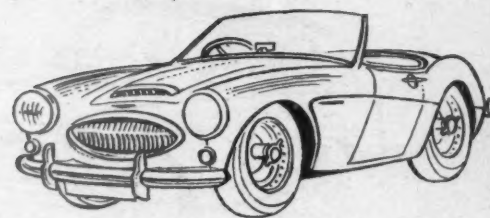
Ben-Hur (Royalty)—The old faithful spectacular: chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59)

Breathless (Academy)—Reviewed this week.

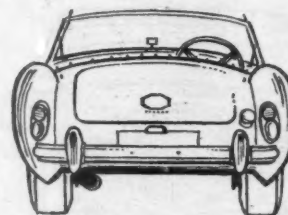
La Dolce Vita (Berkeley)—The sweet life in Rome, on every level. Very loose and episodic, variously entertaining and shocking; basically moral. Not yet dubbed—*verb. sap.* (21/12/60)

Exodus (Astoria)—Long (3 hrs. 40 mins.) spectacular account of what preceded and followed the birth of Israel in 1947. Action stuff good, character conventional. (17/5/61)

CONTINUED ON PAGE XXII



"Henry hates me driving it. But when he's away, who's to know? One has to have one's bit of excitement somehow."



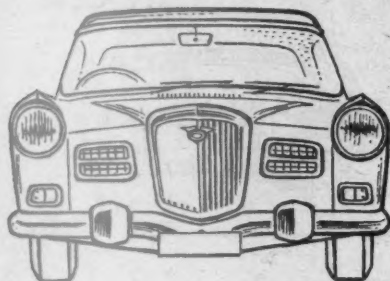
"No chauffeur for me—I like driving this one. Wonderful in town, and impresses the clients no-end."



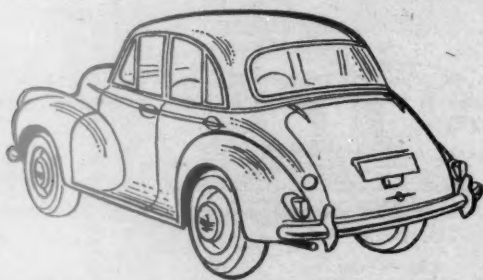
"Ostentation of any kind is right out, I feel. Actually, the comfort of one's passengers is the main thing in my opinion."



"I have always been an open-air sort of person and so has 'Rajah'. Also he particularly dislikes being overtaken."



"Thing I needed was a crate with a good frisky pair of heels to her, but buckets of room as well."



"His Grace has always maintained that one's motor car should be practicable, parkable, personable, and discreet."

Stockbank

CONTINUED FROM PAGE XXI

Flame in the Streets (Odeon, Leicester Square—ends 19th)—Colour trouble, at work and at home in London. Worthy but uninspiring. (5/7/61)

Gone With the Wind (Coliseum)—Back again after twenty-one years, and still effective.

The Guns of Navarone (Columbia)—Six assorted saboteurs spike German guns on a Greek island. Noisy, violent, visually fine adventure-story. (10/5/61)

The Hoodlum Priest (London Pavilion)—Fact-based, about a Missouri priest who helps discharged prisoners. Surprisingly well done and unsentimental. (12/7/61)

Let My People Go (Academy)—Reviewed this week.

The Lovers of Montparnasse (Cameo-Poly—ends 19th)—Gérard Philipe as Modigliani. Contrived moments, but touching and amusing.

One-Eyed Jacks (Plaza)—Marlon Brando's own Western, visually superb and quite good otherwise. (28/6/61)

Parrish (Warner)—Highly-coloured sexy melodrama about Connecticut tobacco-growers. Documentary interest, unintentionally funny lines.

Romanoff and Juliet (Odeon, Marble Arch)—Peter Ustinov stars in and directs his own adaptation of his play: enjoyable nonsense. (12/7/61)

Search for Paradise (London Casino)—Cinema in Ceylon, the Himalayas, Kashmir, Nepal; hearty Lowell Thomas commentary.

Seven Days . . . Seven Nights . . . (Paris-Pullman)—Reviewed this week.

South Pacific (Dominion)—Lush colour (Todd-AO)—Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7/5/58)

Spartacus (Metropole)—Spectacular "epic" with Kirk Douglas as a gladiator: blood, violence and colour in the arena.

The Virgin Spring (Curzon)—13th-century story: innocence defiled and avenged. Ingmar Bergman at his most symbolic. (14/6/61)

Wild in the Country (Carlton—ends 19th)—Elvis Presley as a sullen country boy with literary leanings. Melodramatic but well done. (5/7/61)

The Young Savages (Leicester Square)—Murderous juvenile gangsters (Italian v. Puerto Rican) in Harlem. Honest, not sensationalized, well made, absorbing. (12/7/61)

SHOPS



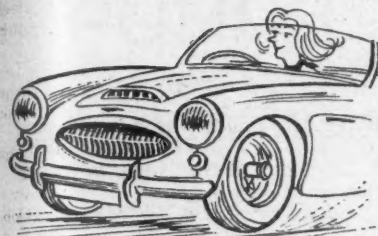
Beginning July 17 is Visitors' Fortnight at **Bourne & Hollingsworth**. Tourist attractions include linens, knitwear and glassware. **Liberty's** keep the accent on glass with their new Italian glass candles, of especial use when eating out-of-doors. **Mappin & Webb's** Wedgwood barometer, in the form of a Jasper ware plate, will provide a weather check on such an occasion, and **Derry & Toms'** latest circular-bladed bread-slicers take care of picnic sandwiches.

From July 22 for two weeks **Austin Reed** have reductions in shirts of various fabrics, Shantung silk ties and poplin pyjamas. **Hector Powe** are now featuring brightly coloured cotton "Calypso" pyjamas, while on the feminine side the **Scotch House** offers tartan pyjamas in cotton madras. **Aquascutum** have a new line in women's slacks with matching linen shirts or knitwear. For men there are casual-wear trousers and matching pullovers in cashmere: also featured are knitted cotton shirts in various colours. **Saxone's** shoe sale for both men and women begins on July 20.

There is a special hairdressing department for

CONTINUED ON PAGE XXVI

the answers to the Status Quiz



'Henry hates me driving it. But when he's away, who's to know? One has to have one's bit of excitement somehow.'

Austin-Healey '3000' Two-Seater—She's done 10,000 'while Henry's away' and never a bump. Austin-Healeys have fabulous brakes.



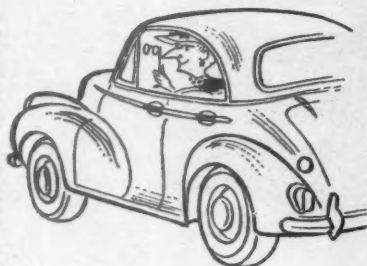
'Thing I needed was a crate with a good frisky pair of heels to her, but buckets of room as well.'

Austin A.40 Countryman—He fell at first sight for her slim Farina lines.



'Handy sort of bus. Cambridge to London in 90 minutes flat. Invaluable for parties too, and all one's clobber.'

Vanden Plas Princess 4-litre—He wanted a fast car that was different, and room for a small jazz band in the back.



'His Grace has always maintained that one's motor car should be practicable, parkable, personable, and discreet.'

Morris Minor '1000' 2-door Saloon—Privately, His Grace also maintains that one's car should be speedable, affordable, boastable, and a thorough joy to drive.



'No chauffeur for me—I like driving this one. Wonderful in town and impresses the clients no-end.'

Austin-Seven—His clients are always impressed by economy and common sense.



'Ostentation of any kind is right out, I feel. Actually, the comfort of one's passengers is the main thing in my position.'

Wolseley 15/60—The Debs' Mums find it so reassuring, is what he really means.



'I have always been an open-air sort of person and so has 'Rajah'. Also he particularly dislikes being overtaken.'

Series M.G.A. '1600'—Nowadays she and 'Rajah' overtake almost everything on the road.



'My age you learn comfort and ease of handling are half the battle. But comfort with a bit of 'zip', don't you know.'

Riley 1.5—Truth is, he likes its economy too.

Scoring:

Count one mark for each person you put in the right car; one for each remark correctly attributed; one for each car correctly named. Total 24.

24 correct—Snob!

19-23 marks—You're doing all right Jack. Even if you're not at the top yet, you know how to get there. Your next will be a Wolseley 6/99.

14-18 marks—Fair only. You need to watch the Joneses. An Austin A.55 would work wonders for you.

Under 14 marks—Poor. But a Mini-Minor or an Austin Seven will give you a good start.

MORAL: It's not as easy as you think. They're all B.M.C. cars, and all B.M.C. cars have so many good points that any sensible person might choose any of them. Second moral—buy B.M.C.



PUNCH

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Bernard Hollowood

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*For overseas rates see page 120

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Charivaria

WHEN Khrushchev announced a cut in Russia's defence expenditure he was accused by clever Western observers of double-dealing: he was lulling America into a false sense of security, trying to get the West to cut its own armaments programme and so spark off industrial depression, making room in Russia for more propagandist doles in the uncommitted nations. Now, when Mr. K. rattles his sabre by adding 3,444 million roubles to his defence bid, the treachery is equally obvious: he is now hoping that the West will break itself in an arms race, looking over his shoulder at a China sceptical of his intentions, and damaging the West's ability to give aid to under-developed territories. One thing Mr. K. manages to do whichever way he gets out of bed in the morning is to keep Western observers observing like mad and gainfully employed.

Look, No Arms!

"IT would appear," to use the language of the director of the Building Research Station at Garston, Herts, that there is very little damage resulting from aircraft flying faster than sound at 30,000 feet, that there is



minor damage from aircraft at 20,000 feet, and extensive damage from aircraft at altitudes of the order of one thousand feet. If this is so I don't see why we should go to the trouble and expense of adapting our low-level supersonic aircraft like the Buccaneer to carry bombs.

Bells on Their Knock-Knees

THE headmaster of a Yorkshire school has started country dancing for all the pupils to cure their flat feet, as unromantic a revival as ever I heard of. Can all the pastimes of



Merrie England really have been remedial? Was tilting at the quintain intended to give trunk-flexibility? What defect was bear-baiting aimed at? I wonder whether you can get a maypole on the National Health.

Window Dressing

THE status symbols exhibited in the back windows of cars are getting sillier and sillier. Lions and tigers are out, even if they have eyes that light up when you depress the brake-pedal, but an extraordinary assortment of junk is taking their place. A small saloon car that parks near the *Punch* printers has sprays of imitation flowers attached to the rear window on each side by rubber suckers; a bunch of imitation grapes similarly suspended in the middle; and, lying on the shelf behind the back seat, two identical objects more like floral Ascot hats than anything. I'm afraid I can't tell you whether any of these do anything when you put the brake on.

120 Years Under Glass

I SEE that a British Railways spokesman has been standing up for the buffet sandwich, which he says has

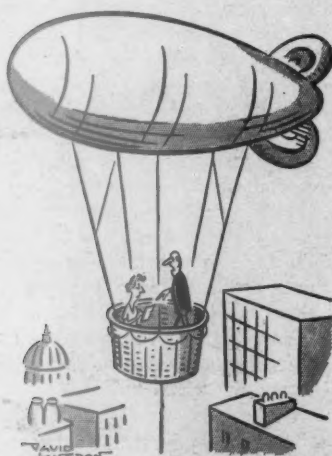


Hollywood
"Nonsense, Mr. P., a hundred and twenty isn't old."

changed considerably "since the days when it was a joke in *Punch*." Well, naturally, the poor old thing gets older. (On the other hand, what does he mean, *since the days*?)

Happy Families

I READ with something approaching despair the news that what is described as a "television version of the Archers" is to be unleashed on us in the autumn—a daily programme recounting the routine events in the life of Just An Ordinary Family. Perhaps the broadcasting pundits don't really



"... pending approval of the height of our proposed new office block, full stop."

know what they're doing when they feed us with these habit-forming narcotics. It was bad enough when there were only *Emergency—Ward 10* and *Coronation Street*, but things have deteriorated rapidly in the past few weeks with the advent of *Harper's*, *West One* and *Family Solicitor*. (Though it's hard to see where to look after we've taken in the *Country Vicar*.) It's no good telling us not to waste our time over such trivialities; to adapt one of the immortal phrases of the *Two Black Crows*, boy, even if that wasn't good, I'd like it.

Changing the Bombay Bowlers

I SEE some MPs are saying that the troops in Kuwait should wear topees and spine-pads as protection against the sun. When I was in the Army in Kenya we had to wear slouch hats—not topees, for heaven's sake!—and were threatened with court-martial if we went out in the sun without them. The Navy, on the other hand, thought that the best thing was to get conditioned to the sun as soon as they could, and therefore encouraged the sailors to brown themselves all over. The result was that sailors seldom suffered from the sun, while soldiers were liable to as often as *force majeure* separated them from their fancy dress. There was one exception, though; I never saw a soldier checked for playing cricket bare-headed, and I only saw one case of sunstroke sustained on the cricket-field. This is just another proof of the divine approval of that game, I suppose.

"Get Him, C—s—r!"

THE names of two guard dogs which are to patrol the parks of Tottenham have been withheld from publication "for security reasons." These animals are lucky, I suppose, to have had their pictures in the papers without white rectangular patches over their faces. If I know anything about dog spokesmen, grave exception will be taken to the suggestion that a well-trained dog is capable of fraternizing with any thug or vandal who addresses him by name. In the invasion flap of 1940, when signposts were pulled down everywhere, someone pointed out that a spy could find his whereabouts

by catching the nearest dog and looking at the address on the collar. A dog defender at once protested that no British dog would let a Hun anywhere near him.

Artists Anonymous

IN Charing Cross Underground Station, London Transport are exhibiting a film, *Under Night Streets*, "to give London and visitors an insight into the vital work that goes on to keep the Underground running." The film gives an interesting account of night maintenance work in the London tubes, but fails to identify the members of the staff who must be kept so busy during the quiet nocturnal hours drawing all those moustaches on the posters.

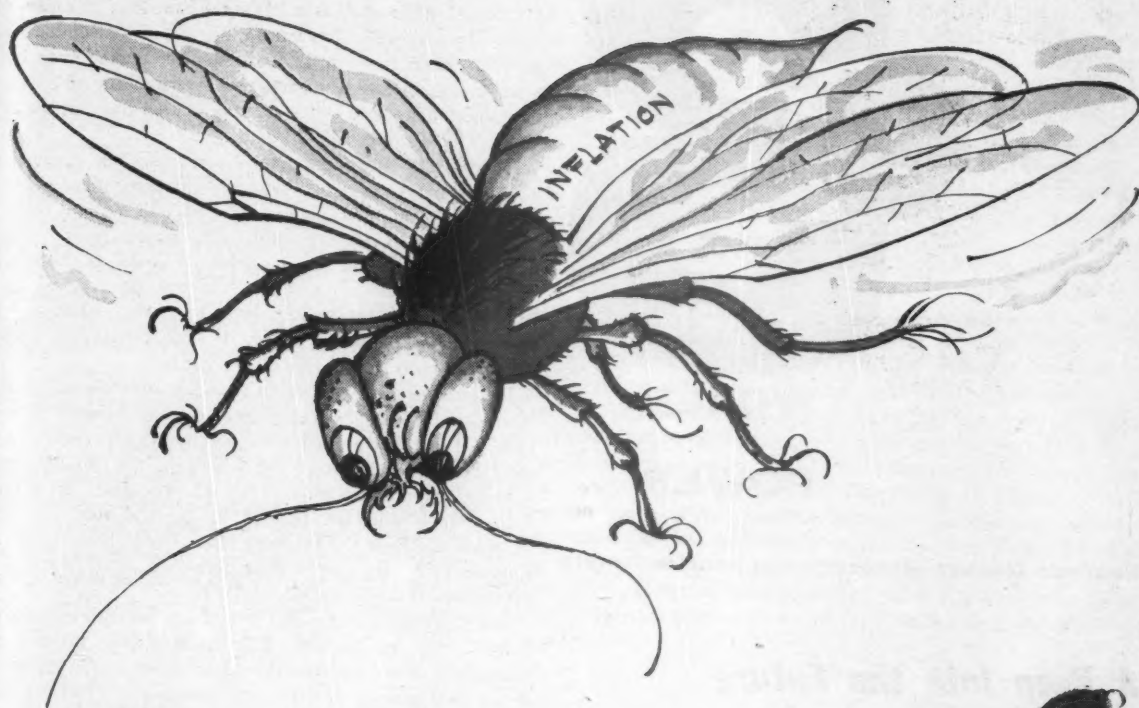
Out of Perspective

A STRIKE of the whole artists' colony in New York is threatened as a protest against being turned out of their highly-esteemed but insanitary lofts above the city warehouses. Except for musicians, who will down tubas at the drop of a crochet, I can think of no other followers of the arts who have withdrawn their labour in mass (purposely omitting *Lysistrata* on the ground that love is not an art in the Arts Council sense). The difficulty is to get solidarity; some surrealist scab is sure to sell the pass, snatching the chance of a lifetime to see his work in the hands of the engraver after a long career of rejections.

Aerial Attack

MANY of us thought the Government was over-hasty in running down the anti-aircraft defences of these shores. The appearance over Bournemouth of an aircraft booming out advertisements by loud-speaker shows that our qualms were justified. Sky-shouting was condemned unheard by a Select Committee in 1932 as "an unnecessary and intolerable imposition"; if the members had ever experienced it, they might have looked around for harsher words. Only the low-flying regulations prevent whole formations of loud-speaker aircraft swooping down as we cower on the beaches, upbraiding us—as they pull out of the dive—for not rubbing our scalps with Jollop.

— MR. PUNCH





3

THE
THIRD
WORLD
POWER

Common Market prospects—the political angle

A Peep Into the Future

BY NORMAN SHRAPNEL

SOMETHING crystallized, that wild day in the House when Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Shinwell shouted topsyturvy names at each other over the Common Market, for all the world as though the two queens in "Alice" were to start accusing one another of having changed colour. What crystallized, it seemed to me, was the glass in which we may wincingly peep at the future.

All right, let's not dwell on it; we have enough on our hands to be going on with. If we can bear it, all the same, the political history of the remainder of the century—always assuming, of course, that there is a remainder of the century, which the glass doesn't actually promise—is tolerably discernible as far as it goes. Let's take no more than a fore-shortened glance at the long ritual of our immersion: from the brink of the brink to the brink itself, from the brink to the shudderingly dipped toe, from the dip to the crucial plunge.

By all means let's flip as swiftly as may be through the pages still to be set up from the matrix of the future—the fragmentation of the two great parties after their final conferences have ended in tear-gas; the new alignment under the rival banners of the Jingo (proudly christened with Mac's name for Manny) and the Common Marketers; the Prime Minister's ultimate retirement, as Lord Macmillan of Rome, to a rather spectacular cottage of elegantly mixed motifs built for him in the shade of Mr. Gladstone's great ash tree at Hawarden.

Let us pass over the first lean years of Marketeer government, hamstrung by our having gone in so late that we derive few of the advantages while bearing all the burdens of membership; and also the succeeding Jingo era under Lord Hinchinbrooke who has at last taken over the party leadership from Mr. Shinwell. Let's not even notice that embarrassing moment when brave little Luxembourg, feeling even braver after its first nuclear test, gives us a severe telling off for daring to suggest that some states are more equal than others in the councils of Europe. We'll learn.

At least it's encouraging to observe that our national life, as the century jogs on, remains characteristically British. We haven't stopped playing cricket and nobody else has started. The Commonwealth also stands firm. Indeed, unless the crystal is playing tricks it looks as though Mr. Shinwell's maiden in distress—the one he accused Squire Macmillan of trying to sell down the river—remains a big, strong girl who doesn't appear to realize that her death or worse has been in any way on the cards.

Is there anything we can do to check, promote or otherwise influence this broadly pre-ordained course of events? Precious little, I'd say. We are being nudged by history, and the nudge consists of a hand placed firmly between the shoulder-blades followed by a sharp push. It's all very well, but a bit on the specious side, for Labour to demand that we should be given the facts. The thing goes deeper than facts. The English are having one of their periodical bouts of moral and psychological readjustment, and it hurts.

It's happened before: in the mid-seventeenth century over kings (and, incidentally, Commonwealths), in the mid-nineteenth over corn, and at various times in the earlier part of our own century over peers, Protection and Ireland. Yet I doubt whether in any of these, except the first, was the issue so profoundly disturbing to the individual and so potentially shattering to the existing political pattern. Usually it was a matter of one side collapsing, and the other standing firm and picking up the pieces. But now both parties as we know them could conceivably be broken beyond repair. In any case we shall see Tory fighting Tory and Socialist fighting Socialist, with only the Liberals in their little nest agreeing among themselves; and might there not—who knows?—be a peck or two even among them over the level of external tariffs?

All this, or most of it, we can watch. What we don't see is the struggle within the individual mind before it makes itself up. Some of these too will be splitting at the seams, or at least going through varying degrees of spiritual agony or sheer discomfort, according to temperament, as their owners prepare to stand up and be counted. This is the time when we have to face some stark and paradoxical truths about ourselves. We are incorrigibly insular and hidebound ("No Jacobins served here," said a notice in a Manchester pub not

NORMAN SHRAPNEL is the Parliamentary Correspondent of the *Guardian*. Started in journalism on local papers—urban and rural. Before becoming their dramatic critic at Westminster, was the *Guardian's* northern theatre critic and most travelled reporter—packing impartially a briefcase for Burnley or an anorak for the Arctic. Reviews novels, and broadcasts occasionally.

so very long ago, and Lord Hinchinbrooke rather splendidly wants the Common Market to join us). Yet, while wrinkling our noses at winds of change, we are often quicker to accommodate ourselves to them than others are. We are died-in-the-wool Tories and natural revolutionaries at the same time, and it can make for odd behaviour when the thing comes to a head.

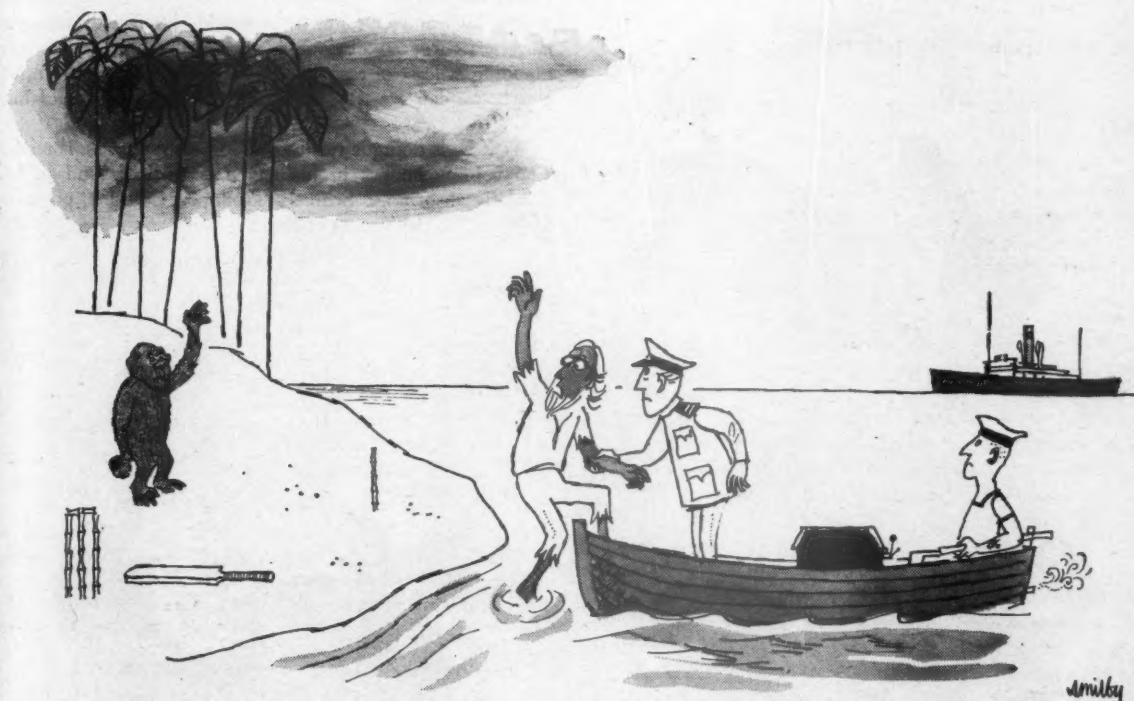
So to Mr. Macmillan, who remains by far the most interesting figure in politics (anyway British politics). Say of him what you will, he is in a very real sense the man of the hour (anyway the British hour). He is the personification of our dilemma, the fitting hero for this dichotomous moment in our history. Macmillanese, the political newspeak, has been irritating a lot of observers lately but it seems to me that it has been misunderstood in more ways than one. The truth seems to be that Mr. Macmillan has reached a point where it is as agonizing for him to say no as to say yes, which is rather the position we are in as a nation. His uncertainties at least are eloquent. He speaks for Britain.

"I cannot emphasize too often," Mr. Macmillan (give or take a word) has been saying, "that what we are now contemplating is not a commitment, or even the prelude to a commitment, but simply whether or not we should seek to engage in preliminary discussions with a view to negotiating a possible means of approach." This may not sound well, or look well in *Hansard*, particularly when set against some succinct and challenging oration from Mr. Grimond such as "Join." But I don't think it is to be despised. It is far

more honest in its curious code than many a former Prime Ministerial speech in the clear. There is truth and even a sort of hidden meaning lurking in Mr. Macmillan's damp, complex, autumnal webs of language, which often give an impressionistic word-picture of the British state or unstate of mind.

Still, it must come to decision in the end, and to action that can't be dissolved in words. A king loses his head; a country is chopped in two; an assembly of lords, the greatest names in the land among them, are turned overnight into political neuters. Either we go in or we stay out, with all (as they say in the House of Commons) the consequences that flow therefrom. What we can't do, as almost everybody at last realizes, is bumble around the web of our future saying "We'd like to come in—but, mind you, no strings."

The chief point I'm trying to make is that this is a psychological depth-charge, a profoundly shaking decision for anybody to have to take; and that no minister, no party and no voter need feel ashamed over being in two minds about it. I rather suspect, on the contrary, that too swift and easy a decision (however preferable economically) may be more of a cause for shame. But the one unquestionably shaming thing about our recent grand debating on the Common Market, it seems to me, has been the frankly and exclusively bread-and-butter approach of certain spokesmen. Lord Casey effectively showed them up when he reckoned the other day that a dozen Commonwealth countries want us to go in, even though they may themselves suffer for it in the short run. Nothing



"I hate to leave him—he was developing into a useful leg-spinner."

could have been more of a reproach to the "I'm all right, Jacques" mentality—a timely moral lesson stiffened by the thought that we may not be all that all right for long.

It is wrong and dangerous to see the dilemma as entirely or even mainly materialistic. We had better recognize just how deep it goes. Politically there is an underwater storm raging and it is swiftly moving to the surface. Strange and unnatural sights are already abroad. When Foot and Fell go hand in glove, when Emanuel Shinwell moves firmly to the right of a Tory Prime Minister, we are in at the start of

something daunting but eerily fascinating too. Also, in the end, honourable: for honour, to put the thing no higher, is forced upon us. A prig's word? All right, then, honesty. No political pretence could live in this sea for long.

And so, lashed by this uncanny storm of a kind only one or two ancient mariners have known the like of before, the fleets go into action. We see at once that there is something equally strange about the order of battle, for on each side the ships are circling each other and virtually ignoring the enemy. Soon there will be mutinies, desertions, regroupings; and the final alignment will be a sea-change indeed.

If you think they'll just take it from there, happily pooping off again at the ships opposite once they've got themselves decently sorted out, I must say that I don't quite see how it can be as breezily traditional as that. The trouble may go farther. What about when Marketeers start cracking other Marketeers' heads because they are going in for the wrong reasons? What about when disagreements break out among the disagreeers?

We're at sea all right. There, on the bridge of the flagship—though we can't, just at the moment, see what flag it flies—stands the brooding figure of the Commander-in-Chief. No doubt he is brooding about old campaigns, and Admiral Peel ranks high in his thoughts; or perhaps he is humming over to himself the minor themes of a new 1906 Overture. Admiral Gaitskell, glancing across whenever he has a moment, ought to be delighted at the Hamletesque figurehead's predicament. But is he breaking into any hornpipe? Not on your life. His telescope is too busy watching his own men. The situation, as they grimly say, is fluid.

But let us, even if Admiral Gaitskell hasn't the time, take a last look ourselves at this subtle, burdened, essentially modern figure; so devious in his leadership, yet so commanding at least of respect. Now that we focus on him more clearly we can see that he isn't scanning the order of battle at all.

What he is doing is reading his log. Anyway, he is reading. The volume he has in his hands is thick, bound in blue, gloomily absorbing. Scarcely Trollope. Could it, on second thoughts, be the Treaty of Rome?



Holiday With Strings

From a Farmer's Diary

By R. SQUIRE

SATURDAY. To-day we started our first holiday away from the farm for three years. It is also Nora's first visit to France and my first since the war. We brought the car across on the ferry and were on the way to Brittany by three, but unluckily we got stopped at a farmer's road block and lost two hours. The car heated up and Nora began a headache, but as a farmer myself I could hardly complain. From the leaflet they gave me it looks as if they are worse off than we are.

Sunday. Made an early start expecting to reach Brittany by tea time, but was stopped at another road block. A young chap called André was running it with three old farmers to help him. The queue was angry and two lorry drivers set about André with starting handles. The old men could not do much, so I tried to explain that he was only doing his duty and asked the drivers how they would like to live off thirty acres or less and be called misers because their little children wore broken boots.

They took no notice. They drove one of the tractors into the ditch and the queue moved on. I was ashamed to see GB cars pass through.

By the time Nora had given André first aid and I had helped the oldsters unditch the tractor it was getting late, so I took a room at the village inn for the night. This evening when we sat outside in the village square a lot of farmers thanked me for helping André but I told them bluntly they should have been there themselves. They certainly looked ashamed.

Monday. Made an early start, intending to reach Brittany by mid-day, but naturally I went to the road block first to say goodbye. I was pleased to find a much better turn-out, largely, I think, due to what I said last night.

But their organization was poor and I had to point out that motorists would get much less excited if told exactly how long they had to stay—I suggested one hour. The farmers agreed, so I worked out a system of booking each

car in and letting it go on time. This meant moving the tractors too often, so I told the farmers to bring cars or carts to-morrow. Meanwhile we used my car as a moveable centre section, Nora driving it to and fro as needed, while I went down the line to tie up the loose ends in the system. I also arranged for each driver to be talked to personally by one of our chaps; so much better than a leaflet, I thought.

In the end we decided to stay the night. This evening the men in the square complimented me on my knowledge of road blocks, but I explained that I was once a lieutenant in the RASC.

Tuesday. We got up early to press on for Brittany, but the local police

inspector came to see me and said my men had already blocked the road and would I get them clear. I said they were not my men and they would be fools to move. We went over together to look at it—the turn-out was excellent—and as he again pressed the matter I had to remind him that memories are long round here and he would still have to live in the district when all this is over. I made a few concessions though, like setting up a first aid tent for the motorists and making a baby laager in a shady copse, so that parents could bring their infants out of the hot cars to wait. Nora is i/c. I also organized a mobile repair unit for cars that break down, mainly through overheating. But it was late before the local inspector



"What did Consolidated Zincs close at, mate?"



went away satisfied, so we stayed the night

Wednesday. We would have left for Brittany only I was warned that the riot police were coming and I was afraid there might be trouble. But when I took their leader on a tour of inspection, he could see that we had a smart body of men and a tidy queue, and in any case we outnumbered him four to one. He was impressed too by my car, which I have mocked up into a demonstration unit with a loudspeaker on top and posters on the sides. It goes up and down the line explaining our case.

The officer asked if I would like to join a secret society he belongs to which aims to overthrow the government, restore civil discipline, recover former French territories like Canada, and make war on Russia and America. I asked if it was political. If so, I told him, I would rather not, and besides I am already in the NFU.

When the police left, some motorists got angry and my chaps used a little force. A few said they would bring guns to-morrow but I forbade it.

Thursday. We left early to go to Brittany but first I checked on those guns. Sure enough, two chaps had come armed and I had to send them home. Welfare, not threats, is what influences the motorist.

I arranged gifts of cherries, plums and lemonade for the queue, which behaved very well to-day.

Friday. Keep the queue busy and they'll have no time to get angry is my motto, so to-day I organized a cricket pitch and some nets beside the road where French motorists could have a quick lesson while waiting. André turns out to be a fast left-handed bowler, in fact they all took to it very well and by mid-day we were able to put on a full-scale match, The Motorists v. The Peasants. It started with thirty-seven players and increased to fifty a side by tea time. The Motorists won by eighteen wickets, but they sent two ravishing Australian girl hitch-hikers in to bat and it put my bowlers right off the beam. Was that cricket?

Saturday. Police again, the locals this time, and getting too big for their sabots. They signposted a diversion

round our road block and I had to send André out to make a sub-block. But the odd thing was that during the short life of this diversion, our queue did not get shorter. What happens is that people are coming here and parking in the queue just to be with the crowd or to get their free issue of fruit or just for a roadside picnic. Many do not leave when their time is up and we had to tow some cars through the barrier to get them out of the way. Nobody seemed to mind, in fact it's like a fair now, with ice cream and candy-floss vendors everywhere, family tents going up, non-stop cricket, bingo and bowling for a pig.

Sunday. A smaller turn out of my chaps but more cars than ever. It's like a Gallic Woburn without the house and grounds.

Monday. More of my men failed to appear and sitreps from the three section leaders I appointed all refer to grumbling by the men, who say they are neglecting their farms. I suspect the wives.

Tuesday. Nora ran a garden party for the wives, with tea on the road,

but I failed to get through to them. They are ready to pack in.

Wednesday. Near mutiny. Nora said at breakfast: "We're not getting our holiday, are we?" "What do you mean?" I said. "We're on holiday now." She went off muttering.

And then after breakfast when I went out into the square I found the men having a meeting.

"What's this?" I cried. "Why aren't you at the barricades?"

"No need," they said, "the road is blocked enough without us. The teddy boys are coming to-day for a jazz festival and what with that and the cricket and the bingo, not even the Tour de France could get through. Besides we want to go back to work."

I gazed round at their sullen faces. I went back to my room and packed. When they saw me come out ready to drive home, their faces brightened and they pressed forward with invitations for next year. Go to Germany, they said, try Spain, or Russia, why not? But I made them agree to keep up their cricket and I half promised to bring a team over from Weston Candover to play them, if I can find thirty good men there for a side.

As we left for home a travelling fair was settling in at the road block, its calliope already going. I could not help wondering if the French are sufficiently serious about things. When I get home I shall have to be much more active in the NFU and see if I can't get elected to office in the local branch. All told I've quite a few ideas I want to work out with them.



In next Wednesday's PUNCH

PET AVERSIONS: No. 2—

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

by

PAUL REILLY

and

THE YEARS WITH

KINROSS

A new series of reminiscences





PARIS BREAKFAST

by *Wilton*



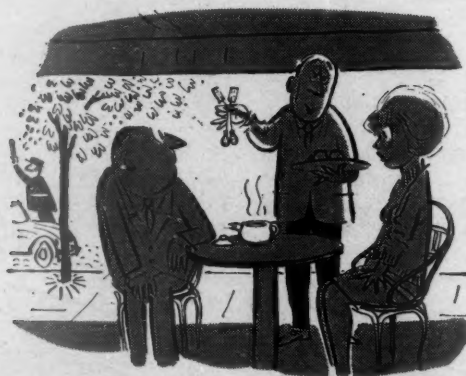
"Aha! Bonjour chérie!"



"Well, I think you ought to eat something!"



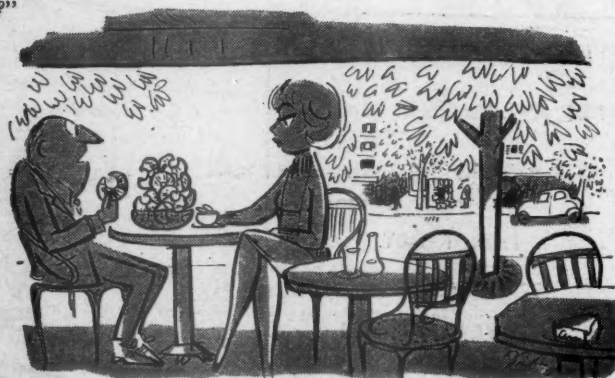
"What's a good mime for porridge?"



"Madame, one teabag or two?"



"It's not as though you even understood the language."



"How they succeed in being gay on this lot I don't know!"

PREP SCHOOL LEPER

By RICHARD USBORNE

THE headmaster of my prep-school in the 1920s was a formidable old clergyman who believed in the cane. His swishings seemed to hurt us far more than they did him. But I will say this for him. When some months before his scheduled retirement Dr. Angier said "Look, sir, you've got to hand over *now*," the old man's first words were "Thank heaven I shall never have to beat another boy!"

Six was the maximum for swishings. Two boys got six in my five years, one for writing to Nurse X in an advertisement asking her to send that mysterious booklet under plain cover, and the other for picking a rose in the private garden. Four was fairly common if the Head was in a bate; for such offences as telling a master a bung, playing rounders with the First Game stumps, shooting a catapult at the cows on the way to bathing in the river, or burning your initials with a magnifying glass on the leather cover of your Bible (sacrilege). Three and two were routine, for routine crimes reported by masters (e.g. swapping food or owning slaves) or Miss Thorne the Matron (e.g.

talking after lights out or sitting on the side of your bed. I still can't sit on a bed without a sense of obscure guilt. At our prep-school a bed was something to lie in or kneel beside).

I got four only once, and that was as a result of thinking I had leprosy. One Thursday morning at breakfast, in my fifth term, the postman (Allfrey *ma*. His boot-hole number was fourteen) handed me an envelope addressed in my mother's hand but with black borders. I always expected a letter from her on Thursdays. But why the black border on envelope and, when I opened it, notepaper? "Dearest Dick," it started, "you will have heard by now the sad news of your father's death..." I hadn't.

I didn't know my father well. He worked in India. My mother, sister and I had come back from India when I was six. My father had come back on leave two years later and then had reappeared late last holidays before his next leave was officially due. He had, it seemed, been ill. We were an extremely uncommunicative family. My father had come down to see me at school earlier that term and he had a bandage round his head. I never dreamed of asking him what it was all about. I was, incidentally, more than a little ashamed of being associated with a bandaged father at least a year after the end of the War.

Well, I sat at breakfast, blubbing about my mother's letter. The headmaster's deaf old wife stalked down from High Table, put her arm round my shoulder and said, in a deaf bellow, that I was to come with her. There was dead silence in the Dining Hall as we walked out together, and, in the corridor outside, she bellowed that I was to go and sit in the Matron's room till after Break. I could miss Bible-reading and the first two periods of work. She led me up the private stairs to Miss Thorne's quarters, which smelt of geraniums and iodoform, conferred

with Miss Thorne, and left us. Miss Thorne said some Oxo would be coming for me soon, and she left me. I sat in a comfortable chair in front of a gas fire, picked up an *Illustrated London News*, found I'd read it already, and wondered what on earth I was going to do with myself. I heard the shuffling of a hundred feet as the other boys came back from breakfast, queued up for Bible-reading, marched in, marched out, rushed around to get their workbooks, and went off into form-rooms. I had finished blubbing. I had finished my Oxo. I looked round for something else to read.

In Miss Thorne's glass-fronted bookshelves were a number of books, and I extracted something called *Medical Dictionary*. It was absorbing stuff, with pictures, and I was soon absorbed. Bow Legs (See Rickets). Chilblains (I had dreadful chilblains on my fingers most of the winter, and at school we weren't allowed to put our hands in our pockets, and juniors almost never got near a fire). Childbirth (three pages). And so on to L for Leeches (an extraordinary picture) and Leprosy.



And then I realized that Leprosy was what I had, albeit in a primary stage.

On my forehead I had recently developed a sort of chapped-looking place about the size of a shilling, roughish, pinkish, not painful, not itchy. It worried me. The book said that this was just the way leprosy first showed itself. It said that leprosy "places" went dead and insensitive. I took my tie-pin, went to the mirror and prodded the place. It didn't hurt and it didn't bleed. So I had leprosy. The book said the disease sometimes took years to emerge and that India was one of the countries where there was a lot of it. I had left India three years ago.

It all fitted. There could be no doubt.

I pushed the book back into the shelf and tottered to my chair. I had forgotten all about my father's death, thinking only of my own. I saw myself dying in the San, probably plucking at the coverlet and delivering a near-posthumous blessing to my best friend (Curtis *mi*). But I must report it.

The question was how and when? Miss Thorne came bustling in and said I could join the boys now for after-Break lessons. She said I looked pale but must be brave. Also that my mother had telegraphed, saying she was coming to see me in the afternoon. I needn't play football. I was to come

up for my clean shoes at 2.30 so as to look my best for my mother. I left Miss Thorne without having had the courage to mention my leprosy.

My mother came and we sat in the Head's dining room. We both blubbed a bit. She had brought me a bag of walnuts, which I cracked and ate, and she told me my father had left all sorts of messages about me. She never told me how and why he had died, and I couldn't bring myself to ask her. It was so sudden and unexpected, she said, and I had visions of his falling off his bicycle, or plunging under the wheels of a car to save a little girl. I had recently read *The Sign of Four* and



"Your mother and I aren't perfect fools, you know."

"MY DEAR CHILD . . ."

By FFOLKES



"When you've lived as long as I have you'll get pretty thirsty too."



"I told you to keep your guard up."



"If mummy wants you to eat your broccoli up she must have some very good reason."

The Moonstone, and as my father came from India it was possible that someone had crossed continents to get him in revenge for his stealing the ruby eye of the pagoda god. Then my mother said we were going by bus to have tea with an aunt who lived near by. It was only when she was saying goodbye to me near the school supper-time that I managed to point to the spot on my forehead and say, in a casual croak, "Look, d'you think this is anything serious?" She kissed me bang on and said I must ask Miss Thorne for some ointment. It was probably the cold wind. I had failed again.

I would force myself to tell Miss Thorne next day. So I queued up with the morning pill-takers, shin-hacks and headaches in the Sick Room. Miss Thorne sat at the end of the table, surrounded by thermometers, bottles of Virol, Gregory Powder flasks, etc., and we shuffled round to take our medicines. By the time I got to my turn, my voice had left me in panic. Anyway I doubted whether this was the moment to say leprosy, with Cunningham and Foster ma. to overhear. They'd have it whipped round the school by the end of Bible-

reading. The best I could do was to point to my forehead. Miss Thorne said "Pooh!" dabbed some lanoline on, shoved me along and obviously thought I was skrimshanking.

That night I decided I'd have to write to her. I composed a note saying "Dear Miss Thorne, I was reading the Medical Dictionary in your room two days ago and I am certain that the spot on my forehead on which you put lanoline this morning is really leprosy. Could I see Dr. Angier, do you think?" And I pushed the note under her door on my way to bed. I was surprised she didn't come, or send for me, that night. And I didn't see her next morning.

But when I came to my desk after breakfast, a boy told me that the Head wanted to see me. Well, this must be it. Probably Miss Thorne and Dr. Angier would be there, too, and perhaps an ambulance outside. I went along the passage to the green baize door, knocked and heard a growl, "Come." The Head was alone, writing at his untidy desk, and when I showed myself he went on writing and sniffed. I saw my note to Miss Thorne in front of him. I waited. He finished his letter, put it in an envelope, addressed it and stamped it, and then turned in his swing chair, sniffed again and said "Well! Pretty jolly!"

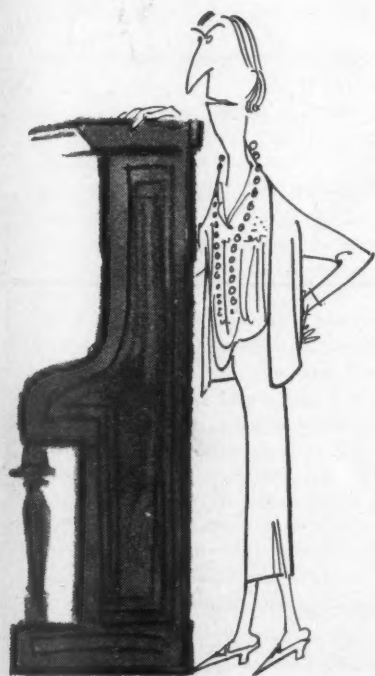
I knew the symptoms. He was in a bate. His moustache drooped an extra notch or two. He always used the word "jolly" meaning "bad." "You jolly kids



"This party's to launch a buckram binding, you know. Not a paperback."

think you can rag Miss Thorne. I'm not going to stand for it!" He moved to the umbrella-stand by his desk where he kept walking sticks, old golf clubs and a few whippy canes. He took out a cane, indicated a chair for me to bend over, and gave me four juicy ones before he said "Right!" and dismissed me.

Why didn't I put my hand up and say "Stop, sir! This is unjust. You are wronging me. I have got leprosy!"? Because (a) I was, as in all my school-days crises, voiceless, (b) I wouldn't have dared to say "Stop, sir . . . etc." to that



"You don't think Mozart spent all his time looking at television."



"I just know you're going to get on famously with nurse."

man of wrath even if I had had a voice to say it with, and (c) I was completely used to situations getting into a turmoil of illogic at school. This was proving to be just another nonsense episode. Why didn't I write to my mother calling heaven to witness I had been wronged? Because I didn't write letters like that to her, and anyway junior kids' letters were censored by the Gestapo. Why didn't I tell her next hols? Because the spot on my forehead had cleared by then. I told her I had been swished, but found myself turning it into a real

Ragging-the-Matron story. My mother knew I liked to regard myself as a daring ragger, and she said she was not surprised that the Matron had reported me to the Head.

But it was then that I discovered why my mother had said in her black-bordered letter "*You will have heard by now of your father's death . . .*" She had sent a telegram to the Head on Wednesday, asking him to break the news to me. He had funk'd it and then, next morning, seeing the letter to me, felt that he was relieved of the unpleasant

task. To-day, forty years later, I deduce that what made the old boy give me four instead of two or three at my swishing, was some feeling that a Medical Dictionary spelt S-m-u-t. Smut was a face at the window for him, and he smote it in us if he thought he saw its head being reared. If he'd known I'd read about childbirth as well as leprosy, I would probably have won fame in my generation and got six. We were not supposed to know about childbirth till he had told us, on the last Saturday of our last term.

Faërie

"A November rocketeer starts life as a May chick." Game Farm communiqué.

A BLUE May morning breaks on Gloucestershire;
Cocks cry, cows moo,
Cavorting far and near,
The rustics do whatever rustics do,
And in a pearly dawn
Another little pheasant-chick is born.

Banal, you sneer? An incident at best
Pleasing, but void of all but local interest?
You err. In far-off Piccadilly
Aërial voices spread the happy news;
Polishing 22's,
Cogswell and Harrison beam willy-nilly,
While in South Audley Street a cheerful Purdey,
Filing a twelve-bore, murmurs "Welcome, birdie!";
St. James's echoes to the gay "Heigh-ho!"

Of Rigby, John & Co.,
Lightheartedly in Dagenham the Sterling
Eng. Co. sets sub-machine guns whirling,
And in the E.C. sector
More than one regal Company Director
Leaps in telepathetic ecstasy
("Memo, Miss Uh.—Merger, Nov. 6, New York:
Peekaboo Panties—Pongo's Plastic Pork"),
And quite forgets the blonde upon his knee.

Thus, six months thence, led on by tricky Chance,
Two total strangers meet—
One rocketing, one fairly firm of stance,
One anxious, one replete—
And part, distinctive even in their final phases,
One destined for the Nick, the other blown to blazes.

— D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS



120TH



BIRTHDAY

"PUNCH'S" hundredth anniversary, which fell on July 17, 1941, was overshadowed by events elsewhere. There was a reminiscient editorial at the beginning of that week's paper, and a double-spread by Ernest Shepard across the middle depicting some of the great old-timers seated around the Table, but otherwise the centenary passed virtually unrecorded.

Our first real birthday number was the issue of July 18, 1891, when "Mr. Punch's Jubilee Number" recorded the fiftieth anniversary of our first publication. This was a whole sixteen-page paper—ordinary issues were twelve pages thick in those days—and included two double-spreads, by Tenniel and Sambourne: the Sambourne drawing of "Punch" worthies celebrating round the "Mahogany Tree" (i.e. the Table) now hangs in the Table room at 10 Bouverie Street.

Other occasions for rejoicing have been marked in varying ways. The turn of the century was observed by the addition of "Mr. Punch's Extra Pages" to each issue throughout the year 1900—and very good extra pages they were, with short stories by such writers as Conan Doyle, Bret Harte, Max Pemberton, A. E. W. Mason and Somerset Maugham. (This

surprises you? We once printed a serial story by Henry James.) To celebrate the Festival of Britain in 1951 we published the "Festival of Punch," on April 30, 1951, which consisted of no fewer than 112 black-and-white pages and sixteen colour. The coronation of Queen Elizabeth II stimulated a sixty-four page issue with colour on every page.

This week, to mark our hundred-and-twentieth anniversary, we have this special section surveying the successive fortunes of "Punch" during that period. H. F. Ellis, trawling industriously through his back numbers, has analysed the changing tastes in British humour. E. S. Turner has examined some of the advertisements of last century (and a few of the choicer ones are reproduced). R. G. G. Price, "Punch's" historian, has turned his attention to some of its nineteenth-century contemporaries who turned out less durable. E. V. Knox, the senior ex-editor, has assembled memories of the paper and its contributors that go back more than half a century.

Here, then, is our One Hundred and Twentieth Birthday Section. We are now embarking on our One Hundred and Fiftieth Birthday Number (out July 17, 1991. Order your copy now.)



TWELVE DECADES OF FUN

H. F. ELLIS

A LESS skilled inquirer, faced with the task of tracing the developments—or, less ambitiously, the changes—in humour during the last one hundred and twenty years, would have read straight through the six thousand odd issues of *Punch* before committing himself to paper. But this is an age of sampling, and the one-in-ten procedure that was good enough for the Census is good enough for me. I shall base my findings, therefore, on every tenth year from 1841 onwards.

More than that, once you get the trick of sampling you can re-sample, so what I propose to do is to take a tenth (or, more precisely, a twelfth) of every tenth year, dipping with eager anticipation into the issues for July only—the birthday month of this magazine. So much, then, for the method of working on which this paper is based.

From the very first issue, July 17, 1841, I select the following:

"A correspondent to one of the daily papers has remarked that there is an almost total absence of swallows this summer in England: Had the writer been present at some of the election dinners lately, he must have confessed that a greater number of *active swallows* has rarely been observed congregated in any one year."

This item is headed "Native Swallows," to reinforce the point.

If you did not like that, there was this:

"THE ENTIRE ANIMAL

Lord Londonderry, in a letter to Colonel Fitzroy, begs of the gallant member to 'go the whole hog'. This is natural advice from a *thorough bore* like his Lordship."

That is direct enough, is it not? But, frankly, the 1841 jokes are a little over-political for a modern reader not very learned in the political life of the time. The pages of this time are crammed with squibs and verselets invaluable to later biographers of the illustrious obscure, who cannot fail to find their heroes roundly drubbed with puns, but unenlightening to the simple historian of humour. Nor is it yet possible to seek refuge in pictorial humour, for these early *Punches* have only an occasional full-page cartoon-like drawing, usually of politicians, called "Punch's Pencillings," and some decorative illustrations. The nearest approach to a "joke drawing" is what may be called the mis-illustrated phrase, there being something of a passion at this time*

*And later, *mutatis mutandis*. Opening a 1961 *Punch* I come upon a picture of a man sailing, book in hand, above the housetops, over the legend "Carries one irresistibly along." But I draw no large deduction from this.

for slipping little woodcuts into pieces of prose as thus:

"... I know nothing of what occurred, having been carried on a shutter in a state of

(Drawing of man caught by trousers on spiked railings)

SUSPENDED ANIMATION

to my own lodging..."

Somewhere there is to be found, by the dogged searcher, the first genuine "joke drawing," but I prefer to turn direct to 1851, by which time the industry is well under way, and give the special First Seen award to a picture captioned

SCENE—REFRESHMENT ROOM

Visitor. "Pint o' beer, Miss, Please."

Miss. "Don't keep it. You can have a Strawberry Ice and a Wafer!"

though I might equally well have lighted upon

AWFUL OCCURRENCE AT AN EVENING PARTY

"My goodness, Emily! They're beginning the Quadrille, and here's all my 'Back Hair' coming down! Whatever shall I do?"

The drawing in this second instance shows that the girl's back hair is indeed coming down; but even so there is a baffling quality about these early jokes. One has a feeling of waiting in vain for the pay-off. Later on, as we shall see, the point is sometimes hammered home with almost extravagant generosity; in the 1850s—in July, 1851, at any rate—there is an uncompromising take-it-or-leave-it air about the jokes. Was the Quadrille the sort of rock 'n' roll rage of the time, and was "back hair" a brand new vogue expression among the smart set? Is this "Awful Occurrence" joke, in fact, the first of a long line of Bright Young Thing gibes? I don't know. I shall say goodbye to 1851 with this period fill-up

FRIENDLY ADVICE TO THE KOH-I-NOOR

"If you're a Diamond, why don't you behave as sich?"

By 1861 politics are no longer so exclusively the target of the short articles and squibs. A kind of frivolity is mingled with hard words about bad meat sent to London by country butchers and a stern rebuke to the London and Canterbury Railway for not providing special compartments for "drunken sots." The appearance of a comet, for instance, leads to spoof



1842

1861

CHARLES READE'S NEW NOVEL, "THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH."

A MATTER OF FACT ROMANCE, by the Author of "It's Never Too Late to Mend," is now ready, and to be had at all respectable libraries. 4 Vols. Price £1 11s. 6d. TRUBNER & Co., Paternoster Row.

Cadet Rifle Uniform, 30s., 38s. Cadet School Uniform, 30s., 38s. Knickerbocker Suit, 16s. 6d. and 24s. School Jacket Suit, 24s. and 30s.

JUVENILE SUITS.



16s. 2d. & 30s. COMPLETE.

SAMUEL BROTHERS, 29, Ludgate Hill.

MAPPIN & CO. LTD.
£2.2.0
DRESSING BAG
GENTLEMEN { **FITTED**
COMPLETE.
- £1.10.0 -
LADIES { **FITTED**
COMPLETE.
ONLY LONDON ADDRESS:
OPPOSITE THE PANTHEON
OXFORD-STREET.

PARIS FOR 20s. via NEW-
HAVEN and DIEPPE, from London
 Bridge and Victoria Stations daily.



Rowlands & Sons.
 ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL, for promoting the Growth, Restoring and Beautifying the Human Hair.
 ROWLANDS' KALPOR for Improving and Beautifying the Complexion and Skin, and Eradicating Cutaneous defects.
 ROWLANDS' ODONTO, or Pearl Dentifrice, for the Teeth, Gums, and Breath.
 Sold at 20, Hatton Garden, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.

FRANCATELLI'S COOK'S GUIDE—Now Ready.

From the Times.—"An admirable manual for every household where pleasure, health and economy are consulted. The whole book has the merit of being exceedingly plain, of containing sufficient cross references to satisfy a Panizzi, and of being so serviceably arranged in all its parts, that we defy you to miss any of the consolations intended for your physical infirmities."

London: RICHARD BENTLEY, New Burlington Street, Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

predictions of its reappearances, done in a reasonably modern manner. Somebody suggests that chemistry could provide attractive names ("Stearine," "Glycerine," "Chlorine") for young women—perhaps in ignorance that Glyceria was a favourite name for courtesans in antiquity, perhaps not. And there is an interesting complaint about the language royalty is made to use by the Court Penmen.

"His Royal Highness is actually made to say 'During former visits to Ireland, and particularly in the course of a tour made some years ago through the country, I had considerable opportunities of witnessing the beauty of the scenery.'"

As a remedy for what *Punch* roughly calls "this haberdasher's eloquence" the suggestion is made that there ought to be "a Royal Professor of Prose, whose office shall not be merely honorary but shall consist in plainly wording the simple ideas that Royalty is occasionally called upon to express."

Nobody can say that the point here is obscure. But in the world of black-and-white drawing the gulf of a hundred years still looms pretty large:

A SERIOUS DRAWBACK

Hideous Old Lady of Fashion (with Plain Daughter).
 "Charming Ball at Sir Charles's last night! Everybody there—Good Rooms, not overcrowded—Capital Supper! Dearest Barbara enjoyed herself prodigiously! I don't see, however, how I can well avoid asking *His* Sister and Niece to *My* Ball next week, he is so fond of them; and yet you know that they are people who do not go out nearly as much as we do, and are not at all in our position in Society!"

One sees the social comment. But what has the plainness of the daughter got to do with it? Except, I suppose, that the Hideous Old Lady fails to realize their own drawbacks, though

in that case . . . But, oh well. I feel more at home with this tailpiece:

A VERY NATURAL MISTAKE

Lord Dufferin, the British Commissioner in Syria, has been appointed a Knight Commander of the Bath. As Syria is comprehended in the Ottoman Empire, the Bath with whose Order his Lordship had been decorated will, perhaps, be erroneously imagined to be [wait for it!] the Turkish Bath.

Between 1871 and 1881 I seem to detect a change. 1871 could fairly, I think, be described as the era of insistence on the point. We are now far from the days of waiting vainly for the pay-off, or groping in the dark for the significance of a legend. The joke rolls on until even Great-grandfather must have felt that he had grasped the full flavour of it. Take a representative drawing of two young girls sitting out at a dance while older women take the floor, add underneath

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE

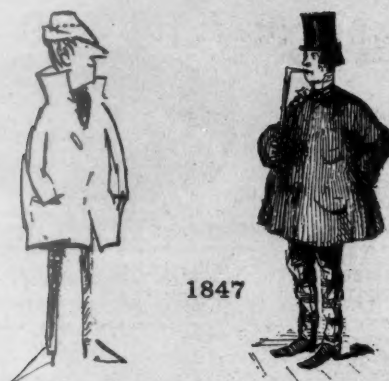
Since it has become the fashion for Gentlemen to dance with married ladies only, wallflowers have much improved in appearance, but still they are not happy! follow that up with forty-nine words of dialogue between the two girls lamenting their lack of dances and suppers compared with their respective Mammams, and no one can complain that the joke has been ruined by obscurity. Now let us look at three jokes from the next decade.

The Dean. "Well, I'm glad you're getting on well in your new place, *Jemima*. When I'm in London, I will call and see you."

Jemima. "Oh, Sir, Missus don't allow no *Followers*!"

SHUT UP

"You're very bald, Sir. Have you tried our Tonic Lotion?"



1847

"Oh yes. But *that's* not what's made all my hair fall off!"

"Aren't you getting tired of hearing People say 'That is the beautiful Miss Belsize!'"

"Oh no. I am getting tired of hearing People say 'Is that the beautiful Miss Belsize?'"

One may or may not think these are good jokes, to a modern ear. But is it not apparent that there is now an attempt to *present* the point to the reader, to work on the joke, to phrase it, not just to roll it out like some huge oriental carpet? In a word, to give it *style*? Somewhere about now, I think, people were beginning to take an interest, and pleasure, not simply in the comment itself—humorous, satirical, social or whatever—but in the way it was made. The day of Dickensian prolixity was almost over, and Max Beerbohm was only just round the corner. I say "almost" over, because goodness knows one can find examples enough of the older method, as one pushes on to 1891, to 1901, to 1911 . . .

Nurse. "Oh, if you please, Sir, will you send for the doctor at once? Baby has fallen out of his cot, and Mistress is afraid he won't get over it."

The Colonel (*who has been relating some of his Indian experiences to a friend, and cannot at a moment's notice abandon the heroic vein*). "Tut! tut! Tell your Mistress not to worry about a little thing like that. We Treshams don't die as easily as that, you know."

Still the process of refining, of paring down, even of assuming some kind of co-operation from the reader, on the whole continues its stealthy way. For the first two decades of the present century we may be said, generalizing abominably, to be in the "He"—"She" era, with an increasing tendency to confine each speaker to a single sentence. By July 1931, only one-quarter of the month's jokes are duologues or "two-liners"; by 1941 three out of seventy-odd call for two speakers, fifty-six for one, fourteen have no legend at all; in 1951 the proportion of single-line to no-line is just about fifty-fifty: the duologue has utterly disappeared.

For ever? I rather doubt it. A revolution of a different kind, over and above this process of fining down, of speeding up, of integrating picture and legend to the point where the legend can often be dispensed with altogether, is noticeable as one moves along from decade to decade. For almost a

hundred years the emphasis is on people, on people's reaction to other people, on the way they behave and the queer things they say and do to each other. For the last twenty we seem to have been more intrigued by Things, by the reaction of people to their environment and to the great mass of apparatus with which they surround themselves, by cars and TV and electric razors and shopping-trolleys. So that people say the things (or, if they say nothing, are shown in situations) that are funny because of the environment they are in, not at all because of the *kind* of people they are. Their faces have suitable expressions but no character, since that is not intrinsic to the joke. This would be as weirdly incomprehensible to the readers of a hundred years ago as are the steam-rollering great jokes of their day to us.

It is even possible, indeed it is certain—there being no reason to believe that we have now reached the ultimate in joke forms or passed some point of no return—that our own jokes will also baffle and bewilder readers of a hundred years ahead. They may, for all we know, have got tired of apparatus by then and returned to an interest in people as people, in the humours and difficulties of man's attempts to communicate with man. If so, my guess is that somewhere along the line they will hit on the great new discovery of the two-line joke, of speech and reply, and even (as is not unknown in real life) of re-reply. The jokes will be longer, of course, but there will be plenty of time to read them on the way to Mars.

CROCODILE TEARS

R. G. G. PRICE

IN this birthday celebration a thought must be spared for all those other humorous weeklies that have not shown *Punch's* power of sheer survival. How very sad it is to think of all those snouts vanished from the trough! How very surprising it is that there have been so many of them, especially in these days when the appearance of a new Sunday paper is headline news. Back in 1841, when *Punch* began, the commonest occupation of some printers seems to have been printing first numbers of new periodicals. Founding these provided many young men with the same kind of outlet as buying racehorses. For example, Gilbert Abbott à Beckett, one of the early *Punch* men, had founded fourteen papers by the time he was twenty-four. They included *The Wag*, *The Thief*, *The Gallery of Terrors*, *The Terrific Penny Magazine* and *The Lover*.

There were a number of ephemeral comic journals appearing round about the same time as *Punch*. Once it had established itself, its success spurred the less intelligent publisher to imitate it. Some of these papers tried to gain attention by attacking it. *Punch* hit back and there were some lively and





Ronald Searle
& du Maurier

"Are you sure this is Chris Barber's place?"

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enjoyable feuds. *The Puppet-Show*, for example, suggested that the Parisians might import its jokes as material for barricades. (This reptile organ had a feature called *Pins and Needles*. Another periodical, *Pasquin*, pointed out that pins and needles were a sign of defective circulation.) The most usual lines of attack were complementary accusations of pinching each other's jokes and of dullness.

One of the best of the early opponents was *Man in the Moon*. It was started by Albert Smith, a *Punch* man who had been edged out as too bohemian and low. Although its first numbers all sold so well that they had to be reprinted, it lasted only a couple of years. On its cover it boasted "Sold at every railway station in the kingdom." It took a stern line with unsolicited contributions, warning the public, "If the Editor has his duties, the wastepaper basket has its rights." It dramatized the Court Circular and published its own Christmas Tale—"None others are genuine." It held an inquest on Paul Dombey. It edified its readers with literary anecdotes:

"Dryden was occasionally very hard up, and it is not generally known that he wrote *Alexander's Feast* in blue and yellow chalk upon the pavement in Fleet Street as a means of procuring a dinner."

It attacked abuses, mysteriously bracketing as "bad authors" Hans Andersen and the Cremorne poet, an elderly versifier who used to haunt the Pleasure Gardens pushing his wares on the merry-makers. It wrote profiles of contemporary authors, including the author of *Lett's Diary*, heading it with the quotation from *Macbeth*, "1st Witch: Now, Lett's, dance."

Generally the prose was livelier than the pictures, which were mostly weak imitation Leech, apart from the work of the French draughtsman Cham. Some of the verse is still alive, for instance *The Madman's Pastoral*:

"The sparrow grazes in the stream
The lambs chirp blithely on the spray;
The fish, upborne in morning's beam,
Through the bright heavens skim their way . . ."

This looks like the work of Shirley Brooks, who had tried to get into *Punch* and, failing, joined *Man in the Moon*, where his poem *A Flight With Punch* impressed his victims so much that before long he was one of them and in time became *Punch's* second Editor. The attack complains that *Punch's* humour has become noisy and harsh. The "dreary hunch-back" must shoot folly "with the arrowy joke, not the brazen blunderbuss." If it takes his advice, its prospects will improve:

"Then with thy sheets pale publishers shall cease to
feed their fires;
Then shall thy sale be reckoned, *PUNCH*, by
number, not by weight;
Nor inside trunks, nor outside cheese, shall linger,
as of late."

Punch's most obstinate rival was *Fun*, founded in 1861 and surviving till 1901, when it was submerged in another paper. Its first Editors were H. J. Byron, the burlesque writer, author of the Victorian record-breaker *Our Boys*, Tom Hood the younger and Henry Sampson, who founded *The Referee* and contributed to it as Pendragon. It began as a fairly close imitation of *Punch*. It was cheaper, and politically, while *Punch* moved away from its radical origins, *Fun* replaced it as the vehicle of moderately left-wing humour. Its biggest scoop was probably Gilbert's *Bab Ballads*. (*Punch* had turned down *The Yarn of the Nancy Bell* as "too cannibalistic

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CARPET MAKERS BY STEAM POWER,
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COMPRESSED TEA



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INVALUABLE TO
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And of Grocers every where.

GOLDEN HAIR—ROBARE'S AUREOLINE
produces, by two or three applications, the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 6s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all Perfumers and Chemists. Wholesale, R. ROVERDUS & Sons, 5, St. Martin's Lane, W. and 24 and 26, City Road, E.C. London; F. MAUS & MAUS, Rue de Strasbourg, 27, Paris; St. Graben, Vienna; 64, Rue de la Loi, Brussels.



"THE PRESIDENT."

8in.	£ 3 0
10in.	3 3 0
12in.	4 4 0
14in.	5 5 0
16in.	6 6 0
18in.	7 7 0

Delivered carriage free to all Railway stations in Great Britain.

Boxes for Collecting the Cut Grass
Sent only when specially ordered.
THOMAS MCKENZIE & SONS (LIMITED),
16, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
Also at New York, Dublin, and Belfast.

1878



for its readers' tastes.") However, if *Punch* lost Gilbert to *Fun*, *Fun* lost Francis Burnand to *Punch*. He is still remembered as the author of *Happy Thoughts* and was to be *Punch's* fourth Editor.

Competition was hot rather than strong. The raffish tone of the *Fun* staff confirmed the belief on *Punch* that any paper appealing to an audience of the better sort should be raffish only in private and it was wisely decided not to try to meet the newcomer on its own lowbrow ground. The threat it presented may unfairly be demonstrated by a specimen joke: "Lent sermons must of necessity be borrowed." The paper changed hands several times, once being sold so that the owner could concentrate on the manufacture of dog biscuits.

A few years after its foundation, *Fun* acquired a right-wing stablemate called *Judy*. This was even closer to *Punch* in appearance, using a version of the same cover. It was edited for a long time by Charles H. Ross, the creator of the famous comic characters Ally Sloper and Ikey Mo. Twenty years later they moved out of *Judy* to have a paper of their own. Ally Sloper's world of seedy race-meetings and "carrying on" was very far from being the world of *Punch*, which Gladstone used to bring in and show round at Cabinet meetings. *Judy* might well have been read at a Cabinet meeting, but it would have been under the table, at least in the case of a Liberal Cabinet. By the end of the century *Judy* was a smartish, illustrated magazine which used some of the *Punch* artists. It became a bit "fast" and in January 1907 announced "No longer shall my columns contain aught to offend." The nudes which were one of the features of the paper were now clothed in simple shirtwaisters. They took them off again in March but the damage had been done and *Judy* expired in October.

Advertising itself in its own pages, it reported to its readers



1856

the view of *The Lady* that the quips and cranks were of the finest water. On this happy birthday the least we can do in common generosity is to preserve one, whether a quip or a crank only *The Lady* could say:

"The Cheerful Sub of *Judy* went for a trip down to Margate the other day and managed to lose the last train back. He put up for the night, but found when he got to his room that although it was very dark indeed, there was neither gas nor a candle. What do you think he did? Why he just took a couple of feathers out of the bed to make it lighter! (This is really the limit!—Ed.)."

The Tomahawk, which also turned up in the late 'sixties, was aimed at a fairly intelligent public and carried some straight news. Matt Morgan's melodramatic cartoons on tinted backgrounds were the most celebrated feature of the paper. There were some pleasing jokes, for example an account of Aeschylus being vivaed at Oxford on his plays and boasting to the examiners that he had always drawn big audiences and had never had to "paper" the house. At one time it was edited by Arthur à Beckett, Gilbert Abbott's son, an ebullient character who once tried to sell Cardinal Manning a racing paper that had got into difficulties. He soon moved off on to the *Punch* staff and at one time seemed a probable Editor. Once again a rival provided a stepping stone.

The list grows enormous, however short many of the lives. Is it worth remembering *Moonshine* from the late 'eighties? Well, it did introduce J. A. Shepherd's animal drawings and although it may have been dull and undistinguished it did suggest that if a murderer were found insane it was his family's fault he was at large so justice would be served by hanging the nearest sane relative.

During the early twentieth century, few humorous magazines attacked or directly competed with *Punch*. The comic weeklies overlapped slightly in writers and artists and shared amusement at the humours of everyday life; but they did not offer the same range of criticism or political reporting and generally speaking cultivated a more restricted field. Between the wars *The New Yorker*, with its blend of sophisticated feature writing, short stories and wayward brilliance was probably too local to the eastern United States to be widely read over here; but it taught journalists a lot and, though its founder seemed to have imagined he was learning from *Punch*, *Punch* was not too insular to learn a bit from him. A gallant attempt at a London imitation called *Night and Day* suffered from copying the original too closely and, though some of the criticism and other work of Evelyn Waugh and Graham Greene showed them at the top of their form, it had not had time to find many new contributors and to strike out on an independent line before it ran into legal difficulties and closed after only ten months. Some of its contributors were later to be found in the postwar *Punch*.

After a short pause for weeping over *Night and Day*, it may be asked whether the comparatively low viability of *Punch's* rivals has really been a good thing in the long run. There have been periods when there has been a shortage of material and perhaps if there had been a number of papers all in the same race it might have been worth the while of more men to devote their time to producing suitable work. In view of all those bound volumes, perhaps *Punch's* real rival is itself.

TINSLEYS' MAGAZINE.

Price One Shilling.
Entirely devoted to Light and Entertaining Literature, eminently suited for Family Reading.
The wearied man of business and the tired student can take up "Tinsleys" and find genuine recreation.

NOTICE.

NEW NOVEL BY THE DUKE DE POMAR.

**A SECRET MARRIAGE, AND ITS
CONSEQUENCES.**

BY THE DUKE DE POMAR.
Author of "Fashion and Passion,"
commenced in the FEBRUARY Number of

TINSLEYS' MAGAZINE.
Price One Shilling.

**THE GATES OF PEARL**

through which the human voice issues should never become rusty. Remember that the finest Teeth will decay and crop out of the dental line unless due care is taken to neutralise the impurities with which they are liable to be infested. Fragrant

SOZODONT

is the only preparation that accomplishes this object with absolute certainty. The odour of this pure preparation is so delightful that it is a luxury to apply it. SOZODONT is loudly praised by Ladies and Gentlemen of both the Dramatic and Lyric professions, to whom especially a fine set of Teeth is of great value. SOZODONT is as harmless as water, and possesses none of the acid properties of tooth-pastes, which injure the enamel. * * * The Fragrant SOZODONT is put up in large bottles, fitted with patent sprinklers for applying the liquid to the tooth-brush. Each bottle is enclosed in a handsome toilet-box, on which are labels and directions in English, French, Spanish, and German languages. Price 3s. 6d. One bottle will last six months. Sold by the principal Chemists and Perfumers, and by JAMES M. RICHARDS, Great Russell Street Buildings, Great Russell Street, London.

A NEW LUXURY.

**PILCHARDS IN OIL**

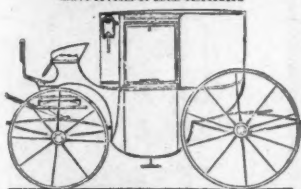
AND

CORNISH SARDINES.

Sold by all Grocers, and prepared only by the
CORNISH SARDINE CO., LIMITED, FALMOUTH.

HENRY HEFFER & CO.,

Have several of their celebrated

**MINIATURE BROUGHAMS**

On SALE or HIRE, in all colours.

100, 101, 102, 103, 104, LONG ACRE.

1878

WHAT ON EARTH SHALL I TAKE TO ZULULAND?

E. S. TURNER

THOSE old volumes of *Punch* in your local library have one sad deficiency: the binders threw away the advertisement pages. Happily, there exists at least one master set in which the licensed researcher may find whose blotting paper was used at the world peace conference in 1919 and what the Pope said in 1871 in praise of Du Barry's incomparable food, Revalenta Arabica.

The eye of the researcher needs to be a sharp one, for during the first forty years or so *Punch's* advertisements were small and congested, often in a wickedly minute type which was deemed adequate for tradesmen. In the late Victorian years advertisers won a little more breathing-space, but the rules of good lay-out had still to be evolved. So had the rules against "knocking"; the soap makers accused each other in these pages of using floor sweepings and offal in their products. Early this century the advertising pages of *Punch* were much expanded and, from about the 'twenties onwards, became a model forum.

The first advertisement in the first issue of *Punch*, on July 17, 1841, was of the summer concerts at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Also in the first issue was a modest announcement about Guinness's Stout. Soon the Victorian pill tycoons were buying space: James Morison, onlie begetter of the Universal Pill, Thomas Holloway and the promoter of Parr's Life Pills. One of the more mysterious early advertisements was for Dinneford's Patent Improved Electrical Horse-Hair Renovator, which renovated not horse-hair but the human frame. It was "an elegant patent fabric" in which "by an ingenious process . . . the points of the hair are all brought perpendicularly to the surface, by which the process of friction is more effectually performed." The fabric was warranted not to tear the skin "like ordinary horse-hair gloves." The use of this therapeutic material, said the advertiser, was too well known to justify description.

The *Punch* reader of a century ago, as imagined by advertisers, was an obese, corseted, rather asthmatic middle-aged gentleman, with a treacherous digestive tract, uncertain how to measure his scalp for the invisible self-ventilating peruke he so badly needed. Out of doors, he wore a Lacerna (the garment which had "threatened the toga in Rome"), or a pocket Siphonia or an Anti-Pluvium. Innovations in dress did not distress him. He was prepared to consider a Garibaldi shirt ("one hundred patterns to choose from") or even "the

Continued on page 98

THE OLD

THE NEW



Richard Doyle



John Tenniel

Doyle retained, when he drew his sly, maniacal scribbler, something of the character of the bully in the Commedia dell'Arte. Tenniel and his fellow Victorians endowed him with so much dignity that a Mr. was added to his name. And although he has since been adapted to every passing whim, he is still, as the drawings by sixteen contemporary PUNCH cartoonists show, instantly recognizable.



E. J. Wheeler



Linley Sambourne



Bernard Partridge



Charles Keene



David Langdon



Eric Burgin



Mahood



Scully



Hewison



Quentin Blake



Jfolkes



Russell Brockbank



Anton



Norman Mansbridge



Starke



Thelwell



Sprod



W. Taylor



Fougasse



Smilby



1862

*Continued from page 95*

greatest novelty of the age—a clean collar every morning without washing or ironing”; in other words, a steel collar “exactly resembling the finest linen,” and an obvious bargain at 1s. 6d. If he was satisfied with this, he could also buy himself steel wristbands and a set of steel gauntlets for his womenfolk.

To protect his possessions, this obese gentleman fitted each window with the Thieves’ Detector, “the size of a mouse with the power of an elephant,” which gave a loud bang when tampered with. For exercise, he pushed an Archimedean lawn-mower. He read in bed, but took the precaution of using candles which expired after half an hour (or perhaps those were for his servants). Occasionally, when uncertain of the facts of life, he looked in at an anatomical museum. To give the family a treat he would call at Hewett’s spider shop in Fenchurch Street (“This day One Thousand Chinese Spiders just landed from Canton and unusually lively. Price, Sixpence Each”). And, to safeguard the future of that family, while giving himself the benefit of a gamble, he was willing to take out shares in a tontine, like the one organized on behalf of Alexandra Palace.

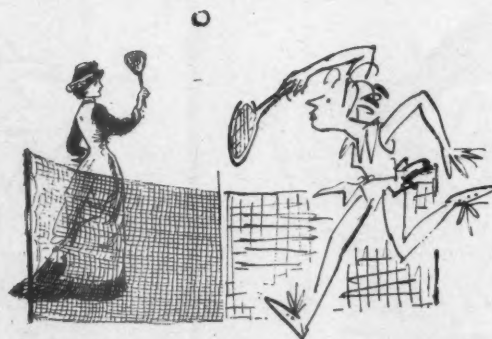
Sooner or later the loyal *Punch* reader had to try out Du Barry’s Revalenta Arabica, the advertisements for which sometimes occupied a full page. It was a food which helped to combat, among other things, atrophy. On March 25, 1871, the array of testimonials (including one on behalf of the Marchioness of Brehan, who was pronounced once again fit for social intercourse) was headed by the following: “The health of the Holy Father is excellent since, abandoning all other remedies, he has confined himself entirely to Du Barry’s Revalenta Arabica Food, of which he consumes a plateful at every meal. It has produced a surprisingly beneficial effect on his health and His Holiness cannot praise this excellent food too highly.” This tribute, which may or may not have been authorized, was copied from the *Gazette du Midi* of January 25. Two decades earlier, *Punch* had rebuked the Czar for praising this same product when so many hard-up Continental kings were anxious to do so.

Towards the end of the century there seemed to be more

emphasis on digestive troubles. The firm of Eno were running those superbly idiosyncratic advertisements, launched with barrages of quotations from Ruskin, Lincoln, Carlyle and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, the message of which was that man could attain the peaks of nobility only if his deep-seated organs functioned properly. One day there would be “A Song of Gratitude by an F.S.A. of Eighty Years of Age,” the next there would be a poem by a self-confessed liverish general officer at Ascot, urging fellow-sufferers to “drain the dregs and lick the cup, Of this, the perfect pick-me-up.” This restorative was offered as the ideal answer to that periodic cry of the military “What on earth shall I take to Zululand?”

By Edwardian times a *Punch* reader could smoke cigarettes warranted free from opium; he could bathe beneficially in a solution which would also restore the colour to carpets; he could sit and watch his soap float; he could take a ten-guinea cruise to the fiords in the *Lusitania*; he had the choice of two Scots-built motor-cars—the Argyll and the Albion; he knew where to go to get his figure padded for Court dress; he knew the trick of smoking a cigar without putting it into his mouth; he had learned to carry a Colt “for travel and house protection”; and, if diabetic, he drank Diabetes Whisky (“Certainly seems to deserve its name”—*The Lancet*). His wife knew how to conquer Golf Rash; she could grow hair fifty-five inches long where hardly any had flourished before; and she looked forward to an old age solaced by Old Gran’s Special Toddy (sloe gin).

In 1914, aware that civilization was crumbling, an advertiser urged men and women alike to wear their jewels in a “Kep-tonu” garter-purse strapped below the knee, by night and day (“Safer than the Bank in war-time”). Women’s skirts were still long enough to justify the claim that the garter was invisible, but men may have had trouble concealing their diamonds under their Fox’s Puttees. Citizens with money to spend were invited to buy Malvern waters instead of German waters, sleeping huts for the YMCA or Plasticine ear plugs for the lads in the trenches. By 1918 there was not the same need to advertise cures for over-eating.



1878

Since those days we flatter ourselves we have grown sophisticated (at one time, it was the other man's cocoa that was sophisticated) and more gentlemanly. Advertisers do not hack and gouge each other in public. If Popes still praise health foods they do so guardedly and generals have more lucrative things to write than poems in praise of beaded bubbles. Which is all very well; but one would like to be sure of knowing, in good time, whose blotting paper is going to be used at the Summit.

THERE AND BACK AGAIN

EVOE

WHO knows how Mr. Punch, in spite of numerous competitors, took it upon himself to be not merely a fool running about with a bladder, but a kind of avuncular wag controlling the earth, or at any rate advising it? As though he were Merlin and Dagonet combined.

It seems to have begun very early, since I have a letter (sent to me by some relation of the writer), which begins, "Morass Before Sebastopol."

November 27th, '54"

and proceeds, after discussing Balaclava and blaming the Government "I have hopes that by the day after to-morrow I may get my bed raised from this very wet ground, and myself to a certain degree comfortable in a marquee . . . The War as *Punch* has it may put a stop to business at home and gladden the young lounge's heart, but it is certainly not the case in the Crimea . . . I rode Ling at Inkerman, so both she and 'the Tipper' have been under fire."

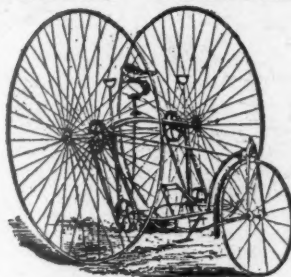
There is only one postscript. "Send *Punch* when you can." And there is a stain on the last page, which may be ink or Russian mud. One might fancy that *Punch* was as important to the comfort of the troops as Florence Nightingale, and it would be interesting to know how many copies of the paper made that journey, and how long they took to accomplish it.

This strange reliance on a comic paper for serious counsel seems to have grown rather than dwindled with the years, since Rudyard Kipling on July 23, 1935 (above a full signature), writes: "only give us subscribers every shade and detail of our queer facing-both-ways national outlook on all things; and when the wind changes, as it will in the next few years, stand by to allay the panic."

Hard work, one might think, for the conscientious weather vane.

But what really established *Punch*, I suppose, was the

THE CELEBRATED PATENT "DEVON" TRICYCLE.



Unequalled for Safety, Appearance, Durability, and Speed.
For Illustrated Price List and Testimonials send to the Patentees and Manufacturers,
MAYNARD HARRIS & CO.,
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Invite attention to the following WINES and SPIRITS:—

	Per Dozen.
Good Sherry, Pale or Gold ..	20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s.
Very choice Sherry ..	48s., 54s., 60s., 72s.
Port, from first-class shippers, 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s.	
Good Claret ..	14s., 18s., 20s., 24s.
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Old Pale Brandy ..	42s., 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.
Fine Old Irish and Scotch Whisky ..	42s., 48s.
Wines in Wood, Gallon, Octave, Qtr. Cask, Hhd.	
Good Sherry ..	11s. 6d. £3 0 0 £15 10 0 £30 10 0
Choice Sherry ..	17s. 6d. 11 10 0 22 10 0 44 10 0
Old Sherry ..	22s. 6d. 14 15 0 29 0 0 57 0 0
Good Port ..	14s. 6d. 10 5 0 20 0 0 39 0 0
Old Port ..	20s. 6d. 13 15 0 27 0 0 53 0 0
Old Pale Brandy, 21s., 24s., 30s., 36s. per imperial gall.	

Full priced lists, &c., on application to
HEDGES and BUTLER, No. 135, Regent Street,
London; and 30, King's Road, Brighton.

"WHAT are the Wild Waves saying?" "Use **BRILL'S SEA SALT** daily in your Bath and Nursery. Bracing and refreshing, 14s. per bath." Of all Chemists, &c. Paris Agents, **ROSSART & Co.,** 23, Place Vendôme.

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1881



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large assortment of
BOYS' and YOUTHS'
CLOTHING. They
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PATTERNS of MATERIALS
for the wear of Gentle-
men, Boys, or Ladies,
together with their
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roughest paper. They hold more ink and last longer.

ΕΒΡΗΚΑ (I have found it) will be the joyful
exclamation of all who use them.

Six Sorts, suitable for ledger,
bold, rapid, or professional writing. Assorted box of
25 Pens, price 1/-, at all Stationers; or for 12 stamps of

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1887

"Pont" (Graham Laidler) was probably PUNCH's most popular artist between the wars. His work has the subtle charm of the truly gifted amateur. His death, in 1940, at the early age of 32, was a grievous loss to the paper.

picture gallery it opened of small social and political comedies in days when the newspapers contained no photographs and employed no cartoons. Since the *Punch* cartoons and pictures were elaborately documented and for the most part thoroughly representational they could be studied in minute detail, as indeed Kipling implies. And in the draughtsmen *Punch* succeeded by luck and by choice.

I suspect that they kept rustic readers in touch with the fashions of the times, and readers in distant countries in touch with home. And how patronizing they could be!

Consider *Punch's* marriage bureau in 1867. Not that he called it that. He called it his *Physiology of Courtship*, but those words I fancy would have a slightly different sense in these days. The legend beneath the title goes

"Mr. Lascelles Courtenay de Tracy Belassis Conynghame, M.P., Younger Son of an Ancient Family.

Miss Barbara Blunt of Liverpool, Eight and Twenty, with £100,000.

Mr. L. et cetera C. is stating, with what he considers much passionate Warmth, that, their Political Opinions being the same, a Matrimonial Engagement between the two would most probably prove conducive to their mutual Welfare.

Now, there is no mistake about the £100,000. Nor can any reasonable doubt be entertained about Mr. C's Ancient Birth and Aristocratic Connections. Moreover, judging from the Physiognomy of each, we do not think either will be over-exacting on the score of Conjugal Tenderness. And, speaking phrenologically, we are of the opinion that in this particular instance, Mr. L. C. will find Two Heads considerably more than Twice as Good as One.

We therefore recommend Miss B. B. to reply, that 'If the Honourable Member will give Notice of his Question, it shall be duly Answered.'

A little voluminous perhaps, but not more so than the skirts with which George du Maurier has endowed the intimidating Miss Blunt, not more elegant and precise than the frock coat and cloth-topped boots of Mr. Conynghame, MP, who, gracefully seated, carries of course his top hat dangling from his left hand.

I am not a very good rememberer, but I am sure that as a child I believed in the absolute fidelity and fact of all the scenes in the old volumes of *Punch* that I read over and over again. I may not have believed that Lord Beaconsfield habitually walked on a tightrope, or that Gladstone spent his time cutting off Hydra's heads. But the wonderful drawings of Keene seemed to me to have really happened, like the adventures of Mr. Briggs, and indeed when Leech drew Cochin China hens as large as human beings I was afraid that I might some day meet these alarming and probably murderous fowls.

Later at school, the extreme felicity of Owen Seaman's verse captivated me, as I suppose it captivated hundreds of



▲ In England

▼ On the Continent





▲ In Scotland

▼ In the Empire



ONT

schoolboys. Owen, I think, must have been responsible for thousands and thousands of yards of imitative rhyme. He made it sound so easy, or if you like, so difficult. On Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock*, for instance, which needed a stiff breeze apparently to have any hope of regaining the cup from the USA—

*Persons of irreligious life whose nerve is
Such that they never know when they have sinned
Gravely perused the Church of England service
To find a prayer for wind.*

When I look at *Punch* of 1905, the first year that published a contribution of mine, it does not seem that the accession of the Seventh Edward to the Throne has changed things very much. The Baron de Boke Wyrmes is still in charge of the Booking Office and uses three-quarters of a column to talk about Dan Leno, whose biography not he but one of his "retainers" has read. Linley Sambourne has drawn two little boys who are France and England blowing trumpets against the third, who is Germany, while Bellona, lying on a couch and awakened from sleep, is telling them to run away. John Bull is indignant at the rates he has to pay the LCC, Owen Seaman deals with a speech by the late Lord Rosebery, and A. A. Milne is already there.

But if I wish to prove the respect, the reverence almost, which is paid to *Punch*, I have to turn to the advertisement pages.

"PEACE HATH HIGHER TESTS OF MANHOOD THAN BATTLE
EVER KNEW."

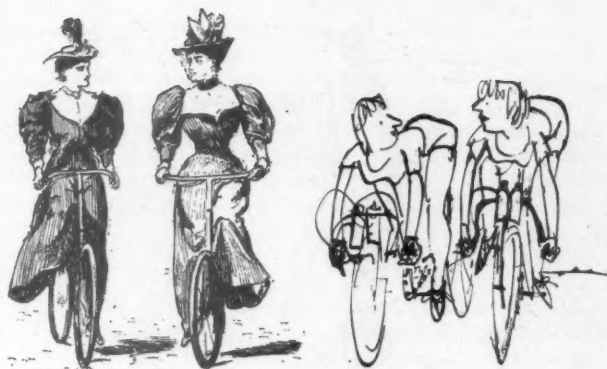
"QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRIZE TO THE FAITHFULLEST"

declares a well-known effervescent saline and continues with a quotation from Longfellow and a drawing of "Plato meditating on immortality before Socrates, the Butterfly, Skull and Poppy about 400 BC."

Surely no other paper can have been considered worthy of so particularly irrelevant a plea.

It must have been a year or two later than 1905 that I first called at 10 Bouverie Street. Owen Seaman had suggested that I should drop in if I happened to be passing, and I thought it best in spite of the expense to drop from a hansom cab. "Many and many a time," said the driver (I should like to call him the Jehu, if I dared), "have I driven Mr. Phil May to this address." Cabmen, I learned afterwards, always said that when they took fares to *Punch* office, because Phil May was supposed to have fallen lightly to sleep after leaving the *Punch* dinner, and spent the night at the mews. Waking, no doubt he meditated on Plato, the butterfly and the skull.

The office was the old office, not very spacious, with narrow stairs, and the machines were on the premises so that one could hear the jokes grinding as one came in. Owen had a small room of which I can only remember the size of the wastepaper basket and the head of a fine stag on the wall, and I found it fitting that this brilliant satirist and schoolmaster should also have triumphed in conflict with a Monarch of the Glen. Perhaps the only time when he failed to maintain his dignity in Number 10 was on the day when, trying to knock out his pipe, he set the wastepaper basket on fire. Hearing a shout for help, the Commissionaire, rushing in, bravely bore the conflagration to the lavatory. He had been in the RHA and had known danger in the South African War.



1897

Horses I notice keep coming into this article quite against my intention; but the period was approaching when the able Art Editor and his Assistant Editor had to turn over *Punch* from horse power to petrol power, and the transition was not so easy as it might seem. Frenchmen making mistakes about the "dogs," and unfortunates plodding through ploughed fields after their runaway mounts had, perforce, to fade away. But G. D. Armour's horse remained. Very early in the century a young man asked me whether Armour could not



1913

1925



be persuaded to buy a new horse, but Armour never did. The creature remained in the hunting field long after the 'thirties, upholding tradition at many a gateside interview.

When the first world war came to an end and I joined the Staff, the ancient cover had already become partially ensanguined, but the Punch and Toby that Dicky Doyle designed were still unaware of the riot of colour and comic change into which they were destined to plunge.

I was surprised to find that the Round Table which Thackeray had fancifully called "the Mahogany Tree" was not round but oblong. Possibly oval is the better word, but whichever it be, there was no doubt that there were two ends, one for the Managing Director and one for the Editor.

We did not lunch. We dined. After dinner we argued for hours. There were long clay pipes, a snuff box and silver bowl on the table. The curiosity about long clay pipes is that if one waves them about too violently in an argument, they break. Carried home on the Underground railway, they create a mild sensation, especially in a non-smoking compartment. I claim to be one of the last long clay pipe smokers in England. But they come to the Table no more.

If Sir Owen Seaman was magisterial, Sir Bernard Partridge was benign. He drew the senior cut, as we call it, had been drawing it for twenty years, and continued to draw it for twenty more. We had to play up to him, to find a subject worthy of his dramatic pen. For he had been an actor. He had played with Sir Henry Irving. He was playing Macduff to Irving's Macbeth, so he told us, on a night when the messenger who brought the news from Birnam Wood had suddenly fallen ill, and a stage-hand was impressed to come on and say the lines. "Liar and slave," said Irving, and struck the man. Instead of meekly submitting to Macbeth's rage the

rude mechanic replied indignantly "Well, that's what they told me to say out there."

The story may have been much older, but we took it as part of Bernard Partridge's repertoire. He had a great studio filled with properties—bucklers and maces, costumes and statuary, and from these came forth Britannias, Justices, Liberties, Bulls and Lions innumerable. Raven Hill, who did the junior cut (we always had two), preferred violence and farcical action. He sketched Bernard Partridge for me once and has made him look rather anxious and puzzled, but that must have been on a night when Britannia or Liberty was in some trouble or other, which I should not care to recall. I regarded Bernard Partridge with affectionate awe.

The whole discussion was carried on amid a fusillade of puns, and I cannot help thinking that there was something in the atmosphere which induced them, as though shades of the 1860s were lurking in the room where Jerrold and Thackeray and Shirley Brooks had dined. Funny by gaslight they had been, and we could not forget their ghosts . . .

It was still the custom in 1921 to toast a new member of the Staff with the words "To the New Boy," and I found this a little confusing, since Raven Hill, who sat opposite to me, immediately addressed me as Old Boy. I toured the Wembley Empire Exhibition with him, not an easy pilgrimage, for one thing because he had a circular mode of walking which meant that every dozen paces he trod on my toes, and also because



Lord Beaconsfield walking on a tightrope.



G. D. Armour's perennial horse.

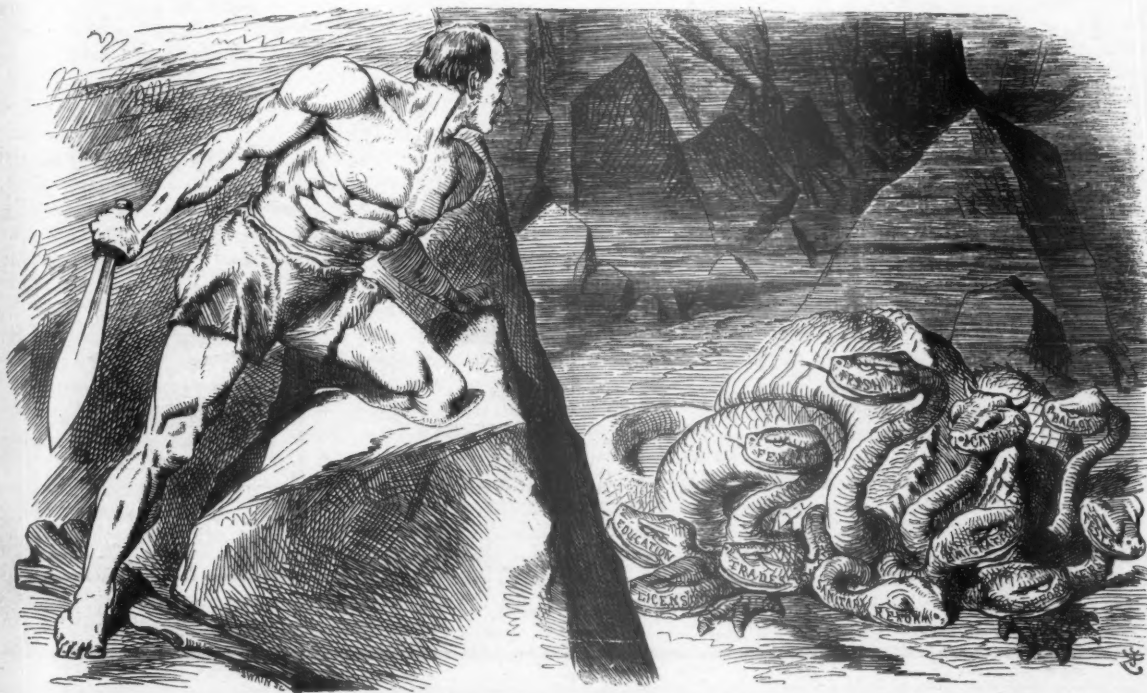
of the impassioned desire of Exhibitors at every pavilion to provide us with liquid refreshment, which made it doubtful whether we should be able to walk at all. Recollections of those wild days, when there was still an Empire, are not very clear. But I know that Australia showed not only a Royal Prince but a whole Test Match field, complete with all the players, modelled in butter.

My position was that of Deputy Assistant Editor, and I soon found out that beyond the actual Staff there were certain

contributors who had made a little territory for themselves which they fiercely protected like robins in a garden. Nearly all the artists demanded that jokes should be sent to them from the office, and George Belcher used to boast that he had been supplied with the same joke three times during his career, and had only slightly altered the same picture. For years before and for years after A. W. Lloyd drew Members of Parliament as different kinds of animals, but not without very serious consultation in the Editorial rooms, or outside them. I can remember walking up Fleet Street with him to the junction of the Strand where we parted, and as he left me he said: "Very well then, it is firmly and finally decided that I cannot draw Stanley Baldwin as a giraffe."

It was already clear, I suppose, that the times were ripe for some sort of change in the appearance and methods of *Punch*, but not very clear what they should be. Owen Seaman had said to me about the work of one contributor "he is the sort of man who doesn't take his humour seriously." In the 'thirties Bernard Shaw was saying "the greatest change is in *Punch*. They have turned it into a comic paper. It used to be a Parish Magazine." I understand what both of them meant.

But I have already strayed far beyond my brief and am trespassing on the memories of colleagues who joined the Staff only a few years after me, and their memories may be, as most certainly the merit of their work has been, much better than my own. And there then is that later procession of New Boys whose photographs stretch right across the room, who have never seen clay pipes on the Table at all. Some of them, perhaps, have never travelled by hansom cab.



Gladstone about to cut off Hydra's heads.



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For Ladies' & Men's Wear. Prevents Loss or Theft.



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1914

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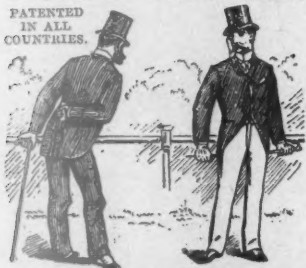
If any difficulty in obtaining, send Postal Order (2s.), or Full Dress 6s. per pair, to P. Department, Central Depot, 6, PHILIP LANE, LONDON, E.C., and a pair will be mailed free by return of post.

1901

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1887

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AUTOMATIC SHEARS.

PATENTED.

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"We know not which to admire most, its simplicity or efficiency. It is as great an advance on the old Shears as the Lawn Mower was over the Scythe." — *The Journal of Horticulture.*

1891

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1887



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WHO HAS A COURTYARD?
WHO HAS A LARGE DWELLING?
WHO LIKES TO SHOOT AT THE TARGET?

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by which, even at a distance of 100 paces, he will mortally hit large deer. This Hunting Carabine, for bullet and ball-shot, exactly seasoned, cost, including 10 ball-shots and bullet cartridges as well as all appurtenances, 70s. sterling. The cartridges can easily be charged again by everybody.

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Machines shown at 61, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

1891

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Moulded Vulcanite	1 6	0
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Pressed Amber, Solid Silver Mounts, in case	16 0	0
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T. E. YEOMANS, Market Place, Derby.

FROM 1/6

1907

PET AVERSIONS

In this new series writers work off their surplus hates

1—SPORT

By BRIAN GLANVILLE

BRIAN GLANVILLE, 29, sports columnist and chief football correspondent of the "Sunday Times," has published five novels and a book of short stories, "A Bad Streak," which dealt seriously with the world of professional football.

THE world of sport bears small resemblance to the image projected by those amiable, well-weathered gentlemen, variously described as the World's Number One—or Best or Foremost or Leading—Sports Writer, who look out at one from coloured posters. That image, in the manner of popular British sports writing (emphatically among my aversions) is at once stylized and sentimental. The world of sport in fact is neither as thick-eared and Philistine as the highbrows suppose, nor as healthily uplifting as the silly-English/sentimental school would have it.

It is from this school that one of the most fatuous myths—and one of the first of my aversions—has stemmed; the myth that sport cements international friendship. It was George Orwell, with his customary flair for overstating the truth, who wrote that international sport was an unfailing cause of ill will. My mind returns at once to two major tournaments, two distant stadia, at which I happened to be present in recent years.

Last year in Rome, at the Stadio Olimpico, the terracing at both ends was packed tight with cacophonous Germans. Being Germans, they were, of course, organized, and of course they wore a virtual uniform; even though it was no more militaristic than a blue blazer and an innocuous straw hat. In the centre of each group lurked a cheerleader, who from time to time—usually when a German was just about to compete, or had successfully competed—rose to his feet, and with violent wavings of his hat, exhorted his fellow Germans to cheer. "Hoi-hoi-hoi!" they cried. "Hoi-hoi-hoi! Rah! Rah! Rah-rah-rah!" The noise was reminiscent of a Nuremburg rally.

"And the worst of it was," a detached German friend later said to me, "that they all went home thinking they had done something for Germany."

The other occasion was the World Cup of 1958; the Ullevi Stadium, at Gothenburg. Sweden were about to

play Germany in the semi-final, which they had reached against all the expectations of their followers. As the competition progressed—and with it, the Swedish team—numb, defensive apathy gave way to increasing patriotic zeal, until at last, on that summer evening, the Ullevi Stadium seethed with chauvinism.

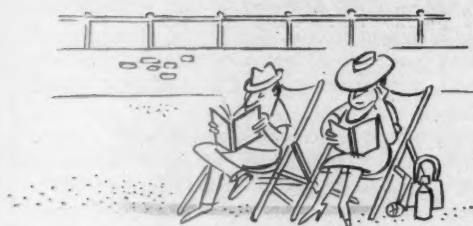
Some twenty minutes before the match began, a stern uncle-figure in a blue blazer carrying—of course—a Swedish flag, strode on to the field and, with the aid of a microphone, informed the crowd exactly how and when they should cheer. He then proceeded to introduce his several cheerleaders, who capered about the field like dervishes, waving still larger flags, and giving their various sectors of the crowd a preliminary rehearsal. In this case, the chant—a loud and imposing one—began, "*Friske, Sverige,*" and ended with a resounding and explosive, "*Heja, heja, HEJA!*" The German cheerleaders, in the meanwhile, were barred from the playing pitch—the bitter bit—and had to be content with parading around the running track.

Sweden won; but for the Final, in Stockholm, the organizing committee forbade the intrusion of official cheerleaders, greatly to the relief of the volatile Brazilians. In consequence, one scarcely heard a sound throughout the match, for a Swede unorganized would appear to be a Swede silent. Brazil won—but those of us who were in Gothenburg have been wondering ever since how the myth of Swedish neutrality could have so long survived.

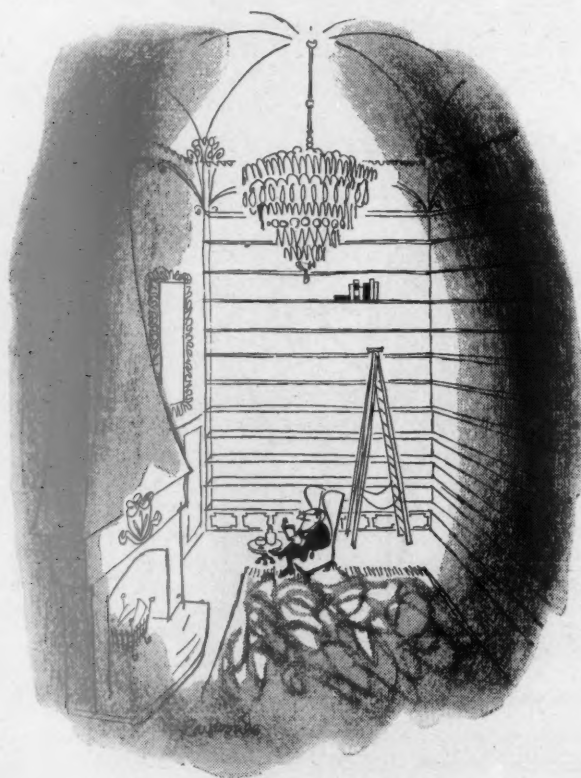
I have taken these examples from the world of football and athletics, but of course, one could give a thousand more; even in the "protected," bowdlerized, hypocritical realm of Rugby football, where violence is dignified with the name of vigour, and referees won't send players off the field, not because they do not deserve it, but because it just "isn't done."



"To us."



This absolute dishonesty in projecting a false image of a game is another of my sporting aversions. Rugby, of course, is in this country a minority sport, with a relatively tiny following. The machinations of the Establishment have elevated it to a prestige and a position which it could never occupy by right; a position which to some extent has been fortified by the snobbery of schoolmasters. Schools, in recent years, have been turning to rugby from soccer, not because the pupils or their parents want it, still less because rugby (if one examines it objectively) is a more sporting game than soccer, but because so many headmasters are concerned with social *cachet* rather than actualities. It is significant that few of them give their pupils a choice between the games; significant, because they know—above all in the secondary modern schools—that almost everybody would be playing soccer.



It will take rugby in this country a very long time to digest the harm which was done by the recent South African tour.

This was a tour which illuminated two embarrassing facts; first, that rugby is indeed a violent game (witness the Springboks' early matches in Wales), second, that negative rugby, based on brawn rather than brain, is the best rugby. Attractive back play has been exposed as no more than a dangerous self-indulgence; the South Africans steamrollered their way to success through ruthless, physical play by their mastodontic forwards.

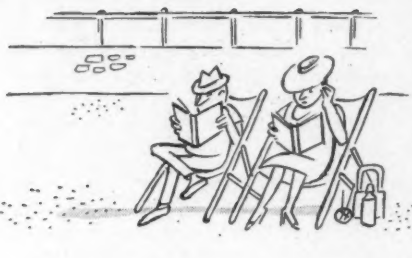
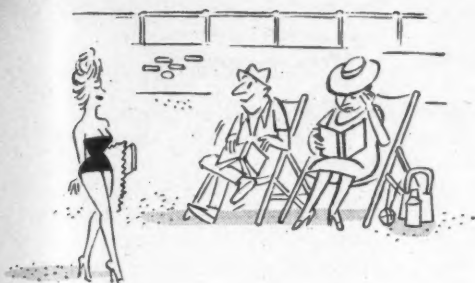
Of course, the myth surrounding rugby is as nothing to the myth which embraces cricket. Here, silly-Englishry reigns supreme, obscuring the true nature of a game which is still—despite its more distinguished celebrants—splendidly alive.

I remember with a lingering incredulity my first press conference at Lord's. The President of the MCC fulminating like some irate, outraged headmaster at the journalists: "I've taken note of your remark . . . I've taken NOTE of your remark!" And the curious reactions of the journalists themselves. One of them sulking for ten minutes, because he had been reprovved. Another giggling like a schoolgirl, because his remark was just a weeny little bit daring. Two others lounging, coats open, on high stools, like a couple of disdainful school prefects.

And yet when one penetrates the cricket world, gets beyond the flowery, smoking-room pomposities of its various fashionable chroniclers, one finds an unexpected and rewarding vitality and colour. Half-an-hour spent in the company of Freddie Trueman or Tony Lock is enough to kill any impression of cricket as a game for milksops. Trueman believes in "gamesmanship," and says so; Lock says that he likes to play cricket against the Australians because "they play it hard, like I do, which is the only way to play it." Cricket undoubtedly has a future, but oh, what dreadful accretions and deposits of gentility it has still to lose!

Shamateurism, the perpetuation of the amateur myth, is something which cricket has in common with almost every major sport. One does not condemn the shamateur; one condemns the system, and with it, the villainous hypocrisy of officials who can look both ways at once. The farce of "amateurism" in world tennis is more than twenty years old now, and the only reason why it may soon be coming to an end is that Mr. Jack Kramer, by signing all the world's best players as *acknowledged* professionals, has reduced the pseudo-amateur game to a position of low farce.

In athletics, Mr. Mike Agostini, the Trinidad sprinter, has



told us that a good runner on the Scandinavian circuit can earn £2,000 a year. Outstanding longer-distance runners are pocketing anything up to £300 a race. The Communist countries insist on calling their players amateurs when they are State-financed, or given endless time off with pay from the jobs they do; and the farce is endorsed by Mr. Avery Brundage, the Marquess of Exeter, and all those who insist that the fiasco of "amateurism" remain in the Olympic Games.

There is no room for idiot compromise, for categories of "permitted" players. In an era when amateur cricketers are functioning as limited liability companies, where the only difference between our senior amateur footballers and the professionals is that the amateurs don't pay tax, the distinction is obsolete. Yet it remains; and to me, it must remain an aversion.

Women in sport are less an aversion of mine than an endearing amusement. Aversion begins when those of them who practise the more obviously masculine sports are taken seriously. Long, technical discussion about which of the Russian giantesses will hurl the discus or project the shot

the longest distance; earnest speculations over which astonishingly proportioned swimming girl will come in first; speculations which reach their point of no return in those dead serious articles which certain American magazines devote to female wrestling.

And why not? If you are going to take seriously the sight of a squat, thirteen-stone German girl competing with a fourteen-stone Russian girl and a sixteen-stone American woman in putting the shot, what is the objection to instituting women's wrestling and weightlifting at the next Olympiad? The girls themselves are often splendid—what, in a tigress-like way, could be more imposing than the huge, auburn-haired Nina Ponomareva, Olympic discus champion, her mouth lipsticked like a wound, swinging her iron bar between throws? What could be more appealing, in a Betjemanesque way, than the woman tennis player whom I once heard reply to the question, "What perfume do you use?" with "Wouldn't you like to know?"

But perhaps the aversion should be extended, for is this not a symptom of a general disease? Are we not taking *all* sport too seriously? After all, it doesn't really matter . . . does it?

A PATIENT'S CASEBOOK

By DAVID STONE

I MADE a neat list of my ailments the other morning and after studying them for a few minutes I decided that they justified a visit to my doctor.

I don't like him very much because his opening words as I limp trembling into his consulting room are inevitably: "Goodness, you're looking well to-day." This always has the effect of making me feel like Charles Atlas, and the symptoms which had been of such consuming interest to future readers of the *Lancet* die unspoken on my lips.

However this morning was a different matter. No one of such worth to the medical profession as I am should walk the streets unaided, and I dialled his number.

The receptionist's soothing voice took on a jagged note when she heard my name.

"The doctor's very busy to-day.

You always like a long time, don't you?"

"Me?" I said indignantly. "Goodness no. I just wanted a few words with him."

"Yes," she said, "all right then. I suppose you couldn't make a quarter to three?"

"On the dot," I replied.

There was a pause, and then she said that would be all right.

As I rang his bell, I suddenly realized I'd forgotten what it was—what they were, rather—that ailed me, but I still managed a brave smile for the receptionist. She stared at me in the way I imagine the man who'd gone to Cape Canaveral to get away from it all looked when they told him the news.

On the short walk between the waiting room and his consulting room I became once more a human medical casebook, one of those miracles of

survival the newspapers always print pictures of. Shooting pains, imaginary fears, obscure aches, a general feeling of malaise, all were mine, but substantiated by good prosaic stuff as well.

My doctor was not, as he usually is on my visits, standing in front of a Peter Scott lithograph of duck fighting, filling his curly pipe with rich, masculine smelling tobacco.

I thought I was alone in the room at first, and I was just about to have a go with the sphygmometer when there was a sort of sigh from the corner.

My doctor was sitting on the edge of

his couch, staring at me in a listless way.

"Hello," I said.

"Ah," he paused, "now, what was it?"

"Well . . ." I wondered whether to start with the loss of the use of my limbs in the automatic lift when I pressed the ASCEND button, or the feelings of unreality that overtook me when both the telephones on my desk rang at the same time. Then I looked at my doctor again.

"How are you?" I said.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, staring at the bound copies of the *Practitioner*

in the bookcase. "I seem to feel permanently tired these days."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, I get up, work, go to bed; everything seems meaningless."

"Perhaps you should get a hobby," I said.

"I haven't even got the energy for that," he replied. "Everything seems a strain. I don't enjoy life any more. I keep asking myself what it all means."

"Do you sleep all right?" I asked.

"No, very badly. I just lie there thinking."

"What about?"

"Oh, the futility of temporal ambition," he said. "I have this constant feeling that I'm not doing the right thing, and yet I'm trapped by circumstances. What I'd really love to do is just live in a cottage in Galway and fish all day long."

"Have you any idea what's behind this?" I asked.

He raised his sad eyes to mine.

"It's making decisions all day long. That's all my job is. Making decisions. I can't stand it any longer."

"You know what's the matter with you?" I said.

"What?"

"You need a holiday. Everyone has these feelings when they've been working too hard. I promise you, go on holiday and you'll feel right as rain."

My doctor smiled for the first time that afternoon.

"Do you really think so?" he said. I said I was sure of it, and my last words, as I said goodbye to him at the front door, were:

"Don't forget now, get right away from it all."

As it happened I found myself in a night club in the small hours of the following morning, and I was very surprised to see my doctor on the dance floor. The dim, red-shaded lights made him look as though he was bursting with health, and he was dancing a tremendously gay cha-cha-cha with a lady I wasn't sure the BMA would wholly approve of.

As I watched him do a particularly fancy hip-swing I reflected that anyone who didn't know him would have put my doctor down as a man who was relaxing heartily after a hard day ministering to the needs of the sick and neurotic instead of a broken reed. It gave me quite a lot to think about.



Ronald B. Wilson

"... moreover, he was once considered
the most promising designer in the Bauhaus!"



In the City



The Old Indestructibles

WITH this 120th anniversary issue thoughts In the City instinctively go back to the problem of investment as it presented itself in the year 1841. There had been a major crisis in 1839 and it was only by a hair's breadth that the Bank of England escaped having to suspend cash payments on its notes. The crisis was met with the help of credits from Paris and of a six per cent Bank rate. The medicine worked, as it still works to-day, and by 1841 the country was recovering from the great depression. In the words of a contemporary chronicler "the transition from great depression and prostration of the energies of the country in all departments of our industry, to extraordinary prosperity, activity and excitement occurred in the years 1840, 1841 and 1842." Mr. Punch was born in more buoyant conditions than those in which he celebrates his 120th birthday.

It was, needless to say, a very different investment world. The Stock Exchange was installed in part of what are its present premises but there were no shares as we know them to-day. Limited liability could not be assumed by a company before 1855 and in consequence most of the leading industrial and commercial enterprises remained family concerns or partnerships until the closing decades of the century.

In 1841 there were the Funds. The blue chips of the day were stocks like Hudson's Bay, Royal Mail Packet and some assurance and bank stocks. There were foreign bonds in profusion, including Russian, Portuguese, Brazilian and Neopolitan. Most of the American states had made issues in London. There was a speculative rabble of stocks, including one of the Anti-Dry Rot Company and railway stocks on which so much money was to be made, and even more lost, had begun to make their appearance. Only in exceptional cases, such as that of Hudson's Bay and the Bank of England, can we find direct links with companies that exist to-day.

As a test of longevity, however, let the present century suffice. In the Stock Exchange list of 1900 there are many names of old indestructibles

which have not only survived but are decidedly thriving. In the beverage group, for example, there are Guinness and Distillers. Among textile shares we can find English Sewing Cotton, Bradford Dyers and Courtaulds. The birth of ICI can be seen in the quotations for Brunner Mond and United Alkali. Liptons, which became a subsidiary of Home and Colonial Stores, were there. So was Vickers, then known as Vickers, Sons and Maxim. In shipping, apart from Royal Mail, of very ancient lineage, there were Cunard and Peninsular and Oriental. Among iron and steel shares there is the Consett Iron Co. with a direct unbroken and, on the whole, successful line.



Horse Sense

WE had no reason to like the horse Paul, but we did. We bought him because of his strength and agility, essential qualities for coping with our big, unforgiving downland fields.

We put him to work the first day in the tumble cart. He proved obedient and intelligent, and he used his strength with a will. Next day we hitched him to the plough and our troubles started. He went up the first furrow straight and true and at the end of it made his view clear that a furrow should not only be straight but endless. The downs were still "clean of officious fence or hedge," the fields were separated by tracks and there was no wire. At the headland the horse, heedless of order and oath, strode on, the plough leaping from the furrow, until a far-off haystack blocked his path. Mindful that a good plough horse should not deviate from his course, he demurely waited for the obstruction to be removed. We put him in a loose box by himself, and we heard him whinnying as we went about our work. We thought we had taught him a lesson.

We hitched him to the horse hoe in the potato field. This was an easy job. Old nags and boys often did it. Perhaps

The immediate economic outlook seems highly uncertain. The autumn storms this year promise to blow with unusual severity. We may well see the general level of security prices fall somewhat further before they forge ahead again as they assuredly will. In the difficult times to come there will be special reassurance for holders of shares in companies that have stood the test of time and have shown their capacity for growth and adjustment. Those that have emerged whole and healthy from the turmoil of the first sixty years of this twentieth century, have a very fair chance of taking in their stride such troubles as may lie ahead. What are the terrors of the Common Market to companies which have survived two world wars? Indeed, a number of the concerns that have maintained an unbroken line of existence over this long period will not only respond to the challenge of European unity but should thrive mightily under it.

— LOMBARD LANE

In the Country



it was beneath him. Half way down the first row he stopped, stuck out a leg and delicately nibbled his knee. Thereafter he refused to budge. The carter lightly struck him on the flank. This produced a slight shudder at the point of impact and nothing more. The carter hit harder. The horse looked round in mild reproof and stayed put. We took him out and put him to a heavy haulage job. He worked hard and happily all day long.

In the hay-field we gave him the side-rake. With this he showed great skill and worked with zest. He knew where to turn. He knew where to stop. He was a model of precision.

The hay was making well, fragrant and blue-green. We decided to work on to dew-fall. Not so the horse Paul. Enough was enough. Choosing a relaxed moment he turned and made for home. United and infuriated expostulations could not stop him. Tomorrow might be wet. We felt we could endure the creature no longer.

We did not have to. The farm went all mechanized and Paul was sold. He was maddening. He was unpredictable. He was a thoroughly bad investment. But we were sorry to see him go. He made us laugh.

— BEN DARBY



CRITICISM

AT THE PLAY

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad (LYRIC)

THE only thing to be said for the title of *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad* is that, surprisingly, it is strictly true. Other critics have deduced from the sparse clues sprinkled around this inconsequential dramatic ragbag that it is intended to be a satire on Ionesco, Tennessee Williams, Dürrenmatt and all the other innovators in the modern theatre. This seems to me a most charitable explanation of a play that never bothers to declare its target, and rambles on from one crazy cul-de-sac to another in a baffling mixture of styles and mood. Frank Corsaro's production does little to straighten it

out, and all the actors appear to be working in a private vacuum.

Its heroine is a rich sexual lunatic, who has married the ugliest man she can find and, having had him stuffed, trails him about in a coffin. Staying at a Caribbean hotel which is equipped with choreographic bellboys, she spends her evenings dressed as Red Riding Hood combing the beach with a storm-lantern for lovers in whose faces she kicks sand. She travels with an exotic fish that lives on Siamese kittens, and has two giant plants that growl at one another. Her life is devoted to the humiliation of men, and the preservation from corruption of her unfortunate son, a teenager whom she keeps housebound in shorts with his collections of stamps and coins.

A nursemaid takes pity on him, and is trying to seduce him when the corpse of his father falls out of its coffin across

the bed. The stout-hearted girl ignores this interruption, but the boy becomes hysterical and, possibly having read *Othello*, strangles her and strews her bier with stamps and coins. His preposterous mother in the meantime has had an amorous passage with a dashing yachtsman who is handicapped by asthma, and wisely clears out after hearing the story of her life.

Stella Adler has some pretty embarrassing lines, such as "You are tainted with sin and garnished with garlic" (this to the nursemaid), but she doesn't help the part by taking it with the straight intensity of an Ibsen heroine. If the play is what they say it is, a broader comic range was needed. Ferdy Mayne, as the yachtsman, is the only one of the cast who treats it as comedy. Andrew Ray as the boy gives a straight account of arrested development, and Susan Burnet is an attractive little nursemaid.

But I longed to ask them all what they thought they were up to.

—ERIC KEOWN



[*Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad*

Madame Rosepettle—STELLA ADLER

Jonathan Rosepettle—ANDREW RAY

AT THE PICTURES

Seven Days . . . Seven Nights . . . Breathless

Let My People Go

PRETTY late, we are given a sight of two French films that people interested in the cinema have long been reading about. Both as it happens involve Jean-Paul Belmondo, and for my money the one that has had less publicity, *Moderato Cantabile*, which for some reason they are here calling *Seven Days . . . Seven Nights . . .* (Director: Peter Brook), is the better.

The actual incidents or story of this, which has points of resemblance with *L'Avventura*, could be summed up in a few words that would make it seem quite uninteresting; and that of course will be enough for all who believe, even if they don't say so, that nothing can hold their attention that doesn't seem interesting in a verbal description. Briefly, it concerns a married woman who hears the scream of a murder victim, becomes fascinated by the possible motives for the crime, meets a man with whom she discusses it, becomes fascinated with him,

persistently seeks him out . . . and gives the same scream when he at last ends the affair. This is literally the main outline of the story: it's the only answer one could give those who ask "what it's about?"

And yet the whole thing is compelling and enjoyable—for anyone who uses his eyes and ears and is interested in people. I always have to make this last proviso, for there are, sadly, so many who don't and aren't. They begin to yawn and fidget when no one is being hit, or running, or making quotable remarks. But anyone capable of realizing that an "incident" does not necessarily involve physical action can take pleasure in this. The gradual changes of mood, the signs of the woman's increasing obsession and the man's increasing uneasiness, the whole development of their strange affair—all are conveyed by the cunning use of visual composition, sound, movement (including movement of the camera), and words and phrases that mysteriously mean something quite different from what they say.

Some of the scenes are straightforwardly naturalistic: for instance the first, when the woman (Jeanne Moreau) is in the room where her little son is having a piano lesson, they hear the scream, and she and the boy and the teacher go to the window to watch the passers-by converging on the café next door. But these are interwoven with scenes in which by visual and auditory devices we are made to feel atmosphere, to share emotion, and the whole design works up to its inevitable climax. She is hostess at an elaborate dinner-party, but her thoughts are with the man, one of her husband's workmen (M. Belmondo), who she knows is at the café where for a week they have been meeting. She leaves her disconcerted guests at last and rushes there herself—to agonizing disappointment, which makes her give a scream like the one she heard.

The film is more superficial, less haunting than *L'Avventura*, and has a more contrived pattern, but it is not unworthy of comparison: like that, it subtly conveys the progress of a love-affair by indirect means, with pictures and sounds and words that constantly imply, never state. I was impressed.

The one we have heard more about is *A Bout de Souffle*, or *Breathless* (Director: Jean-Luc Godard), which is less polished in a conventional sense and more self-consciously "new wave." Here again there is not much that the literal-minded filmgoer could call a plot, but, on the other hand, there is quite a bit of what he would call action. The central figures are a young crook, Michel (Jean-Paul Belmondo, again), and his American girl, Patricia (Jean Seberg), and the film follows his aimless, utterly amoral, quite irresponsible course from the time he steals a car, and shoots a policeman dead with a revolver he finds



Michel—JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO

[A Bout de Souffle]

in it, to his own death as the police catch up with him.

Complete, almost maniacal irresponsibility is in fact his most striking characteristic: at any moment, if he feels like stealing (from anybody at all) or bashing (anybody at all), and opportunity offers, he will do it; and because his actions and behaviour seem so motiveless, one can't develop any continuing sympathy either for him or for his pursuers. In theory, one might expect the same sort of objection to apply to the picture as a whole—there's no real reason for anything, so what keeps one looking at it?

Curiosity, judiciously fed by tricks of technique (sudden cuts, unexpected changes of sound volume, a momentarily dark screen, a distant figure suddenly pinpointed); the charm of Miss Seberg, who is able to present a more or less normal character in these extraordinary circumstances; the unpredictable oddity of Michel; the deliberate variety of scene (the press conference, the photographer's studio, the street procession, innumerable others); and many surprisingly comic moments. I find it hard to believe that the picture is saying anything profound, but it's an entertaining experience.

With this at the Academy is a 23-minute documentary about apartheid, *Let My People Go* (Director: John Krish). Its sheer weight of fact makes it moving and important, in spite of technical shortcomings. We vaguely knew most of these things; but to see pictures of a country where public seats, bus-stops, telephone-booths are

labelled "Africans" or "Europeans," where the African's pass is "a licence to live," where a "black" ambulance cannot carry a white, where a man who has always thought he was white may suddenly lose his citizenship because someone has ferreted out evidence of Negro blood in his family—to see all this, even though sometimes in stills or in acted scenes, is grimly impressive.

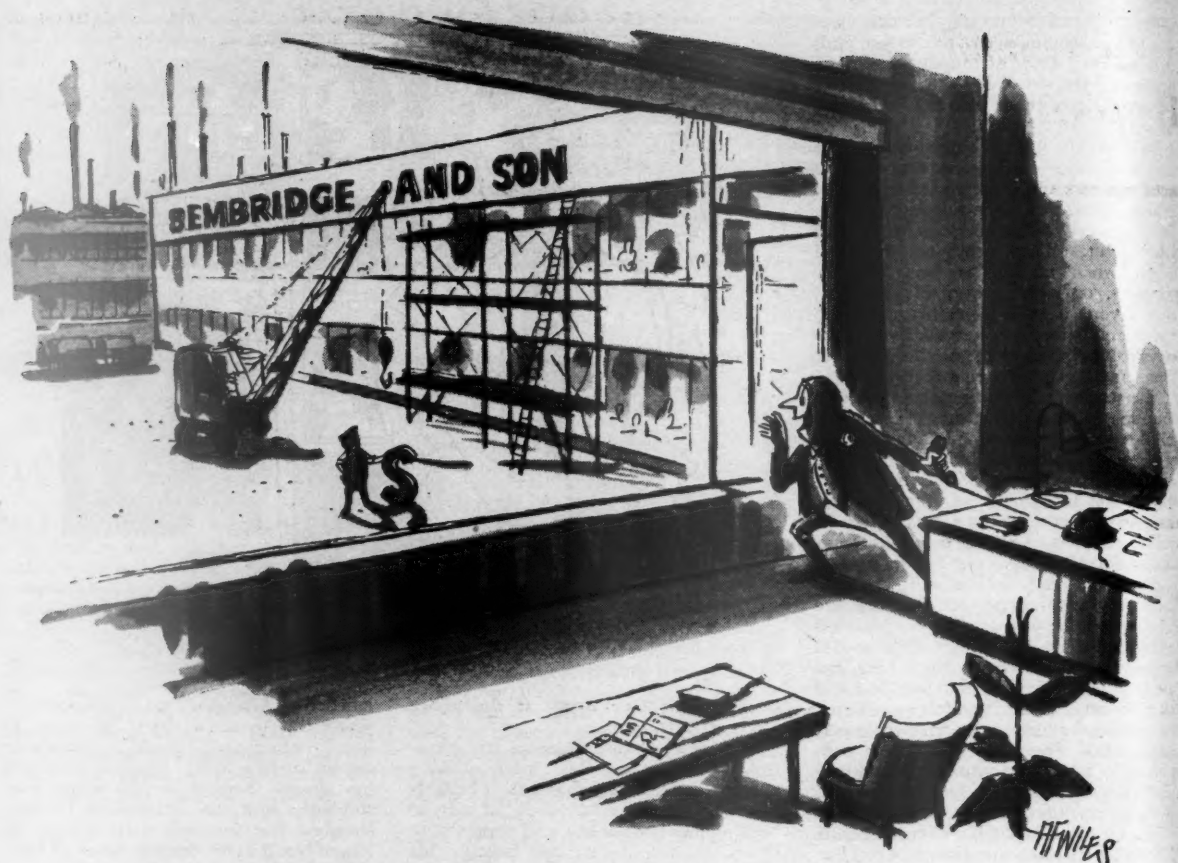
—RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

The Adman Cometh

ONE could argue that the commercials on TV represent the nearest we shall ever get to "pure television," that critic's pipe-dream. Many of them are extremely attractive and quite functionless, in that they could not possibly persuade anyone to buy anything. But to hold this point of view sincerely one would have to refrain from watching commercials much; they just aren't good enough.

Furthermore they are all the same. The Creative Director (lovely titles they give themselves, like something out of *Genesis*) of a big agency, just back from the Cannes festival where a lot of filmed ads were shown in special programmes, complains that even the Japanese ones could only be distinguished by the lettering. This is a new thing. When English commercials started most agencies took their most gifted copywriters and told them they were now writing for TV. They might perhaps import an American or two with experience, but by and large the early commercials were written and



"Put it up! It's a boy!"

produced by people who didn't know what they were up to, but were prepared to try anything. The result was a considerable variation of performance, from excellent to appalling; soon the real horrors were eliminated and for a while British commercials were so good that New York agencies started importing Englishmen. For the Americans had already reached the stage we have now got to and which is based on the following argument: to be brilliant an advertisement must be novel; if it is novel it is a risk; we aren't taking any risks. The decline doesn't stop there; anyone who has watched commercials in, say, Los Angeles will have discovered an area of pervasive dinginess, of arrogantly offensive hard-selling, of slum thought, that not even a cash-dominated culture should allow on its conscience.

The belief that the adequate is good enough will probably bring us to that, too; especially as there seems to be no moral motive whatever in the minds of advertisers. The big distinction they make is not between truth and falsehood, nor even between information and

inanity but between the hard and soft sell ("Buy Stodge! Mrs. Gadawl uses Stodge all day! So does her cat! Buy Stodge at your local store now! Lots of it!" is hard selling, but a long, dreamy sequence of a couple colling under the razzle-dazzle leaves of spring, ending with a voice pronouncing, as if it were a benediction, "People in love love Stodge" is soft. Soppy, almost.)

Theoretically British commercials are a good deal honester than American. There are no downright, provable falsehoods, though my daughters have had so many disappointments over the flavour of cereals that they now call the interruptions between programmes "the lies." But there are considerable silences: an advertisement which depends on a camera still working after a fall over a cliff doesn't tell us how many models failed the test. And on a larger scale there is a tacit agreement among tobacco companies not to run ads which depend at all on the fear of cancer. (In America most cigarette commercials figure several doctors and a lot of technical talk about tar.)

All is not pure loss, of course. There is the astonishing satisfactoriness of *Jim's Inn*. One's pleasure in watching this lies partly in the effortless naturalness of the performers' praise of, say, a new sort of drawing-pin, and partly in the party-game skill of the writers in getting their products in. Some gala night they ought to give their sponsors the miss and try to sell one white elephant, one Victorian commode, six hundred yards of deep-sea cable, a quantity of ordinary rainwater and Blue Streak. — PETER DICKINSON

☆

"We are, as you know, suffering from a serious crime wave and it seems to me idle to hope that there will be a serious falling off in the foreseeable future, and the result is that accommodation is becoming seriously inadequate.

The matter is becoming all the more serious now that we are about to implement the recommendations of the Streetfield Committee's report."—Lord Parker, quoted in the *Yorkshire Evening Post*

Come, come, you're joking.

Booking Office

SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS

By B. A. YOUNG

Somerset Maugham. Richard Cordell. Heinemann, 25/-

THERE are in the United States and England," Mr. Maugham wrote to Mr. Cordell in 1954, "eleven people altogether who are anxious to write my biography . . . I have invariably refused to have anything to do with any such scheme." This refusal is an error; Mr. Maugham should remember the maxim "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em," for whether he co-operates or not the biographies will get written, and without his guidance they are liable to turn out like this book of Mr. Cordell's.

Mr. Cordell suffers from the great disadvantage that he obviously worships Mr. Maugham. He seems to have a compulsive urge to write about him, telling us for choice, or quoting some eminent critic's opinion, that Mr. Maugham is a writer of genius. ("The greatest living short-story writer."—Cyril Connolly. "Of utmost importance."—Theodore Dreiser. "A masterpiece, unsurpassed in our language in our time."—Alexander Woollcott. "The work of a man possessed of something like genius."—James Agate.)

All the same, he is terrifically strict when he examines the works closely. Of the twenty novels he thinks that only nine "have enough merit to interest a discriminating reader to-day." "Not one of the fifteen plays [written before 1915] has any distinction." (Not all the other twelve get by unmarked, either.) None of the stories in *Orientations* has any "great distinction"; half those in *The Casuarina Tree* are "rather flat" or "of little significance"; only two out of ten in *The Mixture as Before* have "the brilliance one expects of Maugham at his best"; only four in *Creatures of Circumstance* escape being "somewhat routine and repetitive of earlier themes." Over one-third of the stories of "the greatest living short-story writer," in fact, fail to come up to Mr. Cordell's standards.

En passant, here is a hint for his second edition. "It is possible," he says, "that a few other stories . . . have not appeared in any collection," and cites a mystery story from *The Strand Magazine*. I can offer him two more, from *Punch*—*Cupid and the Vicar of Swale*, published on February 7, 1900, and *Lady Habart*, published in three parts starting on April 7 of the same year. Neither has any "great distinction," but both are dry, witty and mildly shocking for their time. This conversational exchange from *Cupid and the Vicar of Swale* is surely up to Maugham's later standard—

"Of course," said Lady Proudfoot, "there are so many different sorts of clergyman."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Strong, smiling, "there are the parsons who are Christians, the parsons who are gentlemen, and the parsons who are neither."

"Well, the chief thing is that he should be a gentleman," said Lady Proudfoot. "If he's been to Oxford and taken his degree he'll be quite Christian enough for us."

One asks oneself (or, in Cordellese, "one asks himself") at the end of this book what Mr. Cordell thinks he has

CRITIC'S PHRASEBOOK



"Packed with good things"

achieved in it. His examination of the books is superficial, confined mostly to identifying the real people on whom Mr. Maugham did, or didn't, mould his characters; and his picture of the author is sketchy and uninformative. One must conclude that he has simply gratified a literary *Schwärmerei*.

He would have done his idol more honour by leaving him alone. Mr. Maugham is one of the kindest and nicest of men, and he has taken every possible precaution to keep his private life to himself. He writes, as he has constantly told us, because it is the most enjoyable way he knows of making money. Often the result is as good as Maupassant, occasionally as mediocre as Dornford Yates. I suspect that Mr. Maugham, who never reads his notices and seldom re-reads his own works, finds only incidental pleasure in the one case or evanescent grief in the other. The story has fulfilled its functions when it has been written, published and paid for. To subject it to a critical *post mortem*, unless one is a teacher of "creative writing" anxious to disinter and if possible pass on the secret of how it is done, is to misunderstand the author's intentions and indeed to misapply the gift he has bestowed on the reading public.

NEW NOVELS

A Delivery of Furies. Victor Canning. Hodder and Stoughton, 15/-

The Horses. James Helvick. MacGibbon and Kee, 16/-

Decision at Delphi. Helen MacInnes. Collins, 18/-

Carrington. Michael Straight. Cape, 18/-

ONCE the novel of pure entertainment becomes realistic it is hard for it to avoid becoming critical of reality. Any detailed description of how men behave is bound to seem ironic and radical. This does not mean that exposure leads to action. In all the novels about graft among cops and Congressmen and union bosses there has been no *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The post-Ambler adventure story is knowledgeable, sometimes knowing, backs the right side and is deep-set in time and place; but it does not lead to revulsion any more than, in the days of the unrealistic entertainment, a Wodehouse farce made the reader want to rush peers to the scaffold. Perhaps the time has come for a return to the idealistic adventure story.

Mr. Canning's very professional thrillers always take place bang in the centre of the modern world. The hero, sorry, narrator, of *A Delivery of Furies* is hired to hijack a cargo of planes and switch it to a rival Caribbean dictator. Various loyalties complicate his search for the

profit that will ensure him a quiet future with his justifiably suspicious girl. Things move briskly and the differing mixtures of idealism and egotism in the characters make a firm base for the excitements; but I cannot help feeling that by now everyone would agree that revolts often let power fall into the hands of crooks and, once that is agreed, one knock on the door followed by a slugging is very like another.

The Horses describes with uncommitted gaiety a typical house-party in Eire. A widowed American heiress is being brainwashed by evil in-laws to make her marry a knight who, during the war, got money out of the British government by selling them imaginary horses for transfer to Turkey: I summarize. Mr. Helvick combines grimness, acid descriptions of Irish customs and excitement in one of his best yarns. Casual observations and sideswipes keep each page entertaining, if sometimes the total gesture becomes a bit blurred; but then Mr. Helvick's métier is the fulsomely enigmatic.

Decision at Delphi is about an American journalist who gets involved in all sorts of adventures in Greece arising out of the remoter consequences of the Civil War. The Communists being black, almost everybody else is white—misguided, childish even—but white. In an effort to get away from the routine thriller, the exciting action is surrounded with hundreds of pages of travelogue and interior monologue and finally the plot becomes over-elaborate in order to support the padding. However, there's an efficient thriller here if you like to dig for it. The picture of Greek politics is not very new; but it is interesting to find a renaissance of Nihilism in violent fiction.

Carrington is an historical novel based closely on documentary evidence and deserves the great success it will certainly enjoy. It may lack the poetic impact of the very best recent historical novels and its reading of the past may be right-minded rather than profound; but it held me enthralled and I like being enthralled. Colonel Carrington was a staff officer given command of a detachment that was policing a new road through Sioux territory in Wyoming. He believed in eventual peace with the Indians while his officers thought that the only good Indian was a dead Indian. They felt strategy was encumbering and their only idea of tactics was to despise the enemy and charge at him head on. Carrington was let in for a ghastly defeat, partly through the neglect of the authorities to reinforce him, partly through the insubordination of his second-in-command. The novel cuts about from group to group, from the officers' ladies to the fighting chaplain, from the drunken NCOs to the liberal-minded special correspondent. Unfortunately, this cautionary tale won't



save the next commander isolated in a lonely command with the right ideas and the wrong instruments for expressing them.
— R. G. G. PRICE

THE OTHER CHANNEL

Pressure Group. H. H. Wilson. *Secker and Warburg*, 18/-

The Television Act of 1954 shocked intellectual Anglophiles in America: they had looked with envy and admiration on Britain's public service radio and TV, on the experimental Third Programme, and they regarded "the peculiar British social invention" as a model of democratic sanity. No wonder then that the Act has proved so popular with thesis-hungry American universities and sparked off many intelligent analyses of British institutions in general. Professor Wilson's very readable study shows how a handful of Tory backbenchers, backed by powerful commercial interests and a small guerrilla force of floor-crossing eggheads managed to overcome strong but largely unorganized opposition from the few and dreadful apathy in the majority to push through a bill of revolutionary significance. "One is left," he concludes, "with the impression that the Conservative leadership was something less than forthright in handling the television controversy." In the guise of democracy, of "setting the people free" . . . there was a willingness to reject traditional Conservative doctrine. Cynical pseudo-equalitarianism replaced an older commitment to the maintenance of natural standards. Useful and extremely healthy criticism, this.—BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

TYCOONS ANATOMIZED

The Millionaire Mentality. Michael Pearson. *Secker and Warburg*, 16/-

Clarence Hatry, Billy Butlin, Cyril Lord, Charles Forte, Aristotle Onassis—Mr. Pearson has collected together a dazzling crowd of Croesuses. Or at least he works very hard to make them seem dazzling. Yet somehow, however art-

fully he lays on the polish—and he shows himself throughout to be a most competent journalist—we are left at the end with a handful of uninteresting mortal men moored to mammoth desks with surfaces like aircraft carriers. Millionaires certainly have to have gifts—assertiveness, courage in tight corners, industry, willingness to take risks. But Mr. Pearson can find only two characteristics which apply fairly generally: the millionaire must waste no crumb that drops from any slice of luck, and he must come from the bottom of the form. Mr. Pearson's writing is lively, well-documented, and readable as this morning's pop newspapers. Mr. Khrushchev ought to lay in a thousand copies of this book and send them to key westerners at Christmas. The outlay might be charged against work in the mission field.—DAVID WILLIAMS

BYRON

The Late Lord Byron. Doris Langley Moore. *Murray*, 42/-

Byron, A Critical Study. Andrew Rutherford. *Oliver and Boyd*, 25/-

Long anticipated is Mrs. Langley Moore's enthralling post-mortem of the Byron story, its facts, inaccuracies and legends; an original research which yields one of the richest biographical harvests of this decade. Helped in this quest by access to the celebrated Lovelace papers, Murray MSS and Hobbhouse archives, the author's task has been arduous and long, and the result is a magnificently documented volume of over five hundred large demy pages. Starting from the point of Byron's death in 1824, this immensely perceptive investigator examines every person connected with the perpetuity of Byron's fame and notoriety. Inevitably a personal prejudice is stated, and where Mrs. Langley Moore proves to be a remarkable authority is in her shrewd and worldly appreciation of the truth in retrospect and in relation to circumstance and character.



Byron positively triumphs, coming through these pages with honesty, warmth, generosity and compassion; he is truly the hero. Not so splendid is Hobbhouse with his destruction of Byron's Memoirs—this vandalism inspired by vanity, priggishness and obtuse intelligence. Dramatic indeed are the parts played in this farcical tragedy by the silly, weak, warm-hearted Augusta and the hard-minded, sly and revengeful Annabella. As for the host of memoirists and table-talkers, well, they combine to illustrate a warning to all famous men, who need to protect themselves from their friends as skilfully as from their enemies. Every page of this startling and fascinating book is an object lesson in human relationships.

Andrew Rutherford's "critical study" is another first-class book about Byron. Mr. Rutherford aims to study Byron the poet, and this he does with infinite skill and shrewdness, and his overall literary assessment is practically couched in contemporary terms of reference, many of which are remarkably interesting and apt. For instance we are often inclined to forget how popular a poet Byron was, and the sales of his early works suggest some parallel with Mr. Betjeman's present-day success. A splendid clarity illuminates this exposition and Mr. Rutherford has a genius for summary which one always sensed to be so, but which has never yet been so ably demonstrated. Linked to the fascinating analysis of Byron the poet is an equally brilliant biographical portrait which is never dramatized beyond its relationship to the work. Decidedly original, instructive and entertaining.

— KAY DICK

SCIENTIST AND SEER

Letters of Sigmund Freud 1873-1939. Edited by Ernest L. Freud. Translated by Tania and James Stern. Chatto and Windus, 50/-

This collection, edited by Freud's youngest son and containing more than

300 letters, lights up the writer's private and domestic personality in a remarkable manner. (It is even more revealing than Dr. Jones's three-volume study.) Freud was not only a great clinician—or, as he preferred to call himself, "discoverer"—but he is in a manner the Socratic gadfly of the modern world. Indeed, if Socrates had been a letter-writer, one has a feeling that his correspondence would have much resembled Freud's. "Unlike you," (this to Romain Rolland), "I cannot count on the love of many people. I have not pleased, comforted, edified them. Nor was this my intention; I only wanted to explain, solve riddles, uncover a little of the truth."

Though many of the earlier letters were written to his future wife during their four-year engagement, he corresponded with a variety of people—colleagues,

patients, his family and friends, distinguished writers and scientists like Mann and Wells and Einstein. He had the born letter-writer's gift for extemporization. Anything—a duel, a card party, military service, Paris ("a vast over-dressed Sphinx who gobbles up every foreigner unable to solve her riddles")—sets him off. A postcard of the Matterhorn prompts the reflection that "the scale of 1:50,000 may be roughly the proportion in which fate fulfils our wishes and in which we ourselves carry out our good intentions." His obsessions—about Moses and about Napoleon, for example—are here, together with his hesitations: "I am not yet quite clear about my Method; it works, but I am not always in control of it, it does not always produce the same results." Here the seer and the scientist are united.

— ADAM SARGENT

CREDIT BALANCE

Alpine and Rock Gardening. Edited by W. E. Shewell-Cooper. Seeley, Service and Co., 30/-. Sound, unenthralling essays by twelve hands on every aspect of making a rockery and the propagation, care, etc., of Alpines and most other small plants among rocks, scree, bogs and anywhere else suitable. Descriptions of hundreds of plants. 296 pages and 52 pictures. Neither wildly technical nor condescending.

Edith Simcox and George Eliot. K. A. McKenzie. Oxford, 18/-. A subtle and interesting study of a neglected Victorian, and the record of a strangely wild and one-sided passion. Miss Simcox was a noted radical and feminist, and an exponent of the higher rationalism, and her extraordinary feelings for the authoress of *Middlemarch* "cannot be fairly understood by an age steeped in Freud."

Goodbye to the Bombay Bowler. Peter Fleming. Hart-Davis, 15/-. The late appearance of this last Strix selection from the *Spectator* indicates no scraping of the barrel-bottom. These twoscore pieces buoyantly uphold Mr. Fleming's reputation as a master of the politely comic.

Psychical Research. William James. Chatto and Windus, 30/-. Hitherto scattered in various recondite places, James's writings on paranormal phenomena are here usefully collected into one volume. James was a founder of the American Society for Psychical Research, and this book is of importance to all students of the subject.

Canada and The Canadians. Alastair Horne. Macmillan, 30/-. "A great but still becoming country," Mr. Horne calls Canada. His book is the ideal introduction to the subject, a model of observant enthusiasm, much in the spirit of John Gunther's *Inside USA*, and stuffed with recondite facts, personalities and statistics.

Playwrights on Playwriting. Toby Cole. MacGibbon and Kee, 21/-. Mr. Cole sub-titles his anthology of comments "the Meaning and Making of Modern Drama from Ibsen to Ionesco," dividing the book into two parts—"Credos and Concepts" and "Creation." Shaw, Brecht, Lorca, Giraudoux and a host of others all contribute their quota to this admirable symposium, so fruitful in its contradictions.



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MY NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

FOR WOMEN



Independence Days

A FEW months ago my son decided to leave home. Things had become rather strained on both sides. He always said how could he know whether he would be in to dinner until the evening arrived. It all depended on what phone calls he made or received between six and seven p.m.

It was hard luck I was a light sleeper. How could he help making a bit of a noise when he came home late? I had all day to use the telephone, couldn't I ask my friends to ring then? It was most unreasonable to object to him having long conversations. Many of my calls were at least an hour in duration he was sure. His father always said I lived on the phone.

Why should he make his own bed now he had left school? He couldn't

help his room being untidy. He went out early in the mornings and his evenings were terribly busy one way and another, there was no time for tidying anything.

Things came to a head one week-end. He borrowed (without asking) his father's brand new umbrella. He awakened his sister at four a.m. to ask her for some Alka Seltzers. She found him using her Dior talc to mend his inner tube next morning. And the umbrella had been left somewhere, he couldn't remember where, they had gone on to a lot of places after the cocktail party.

Everyone was making a lot of fuss about nothing. It wasn't a very good umbrella, his father could have his old one. His sister had charged him

sixpence each for the Alkas, and talc was practically the same as french chalk. He had run out of that.

He had been talking to several of his friends lately. They all had the same trouble at home. Parents and sisters were always on at them too. He said his nerves were in shreds.

So my son and three of his friends decided to take a flat. It was only fourteen guineas a week, furnished. They said it was super. It ought to have been. We never saw it.

They each paid one week's rent at the outset, making four weeks paid in advance. My son was rueful when he made out his cheque. Independence can be expensive.

I offered him some provisions, but he said, no thanks, they would stock up food together. So he packed two suitcases and departed.

It was very peaceful and tidy at home. My son dropped in once during the first week. He refused the offer of dinner and said they were having a wonderful time. No damn women about the place except for the roster of girls who would come in regularly to wash and iron shirts, make beds, wash up and clean the flat for them while they were out in the evenings. Freedom at last. It was, he repeated, wonderful.

We parted that evening on excellent terms.

The next two weeks my son dropped in rather more frequently, usually about dinner time. He did not refuse a meal at all. He offered to wash up one night. He said he was getting rather good at this.

We said we thought one of the girls on the roster did the daily washing up. He said they weren't keeping to the roster. In fact unless they stayed in, the girls wouldn't come at all. It was almost better without them. They expected supper, which was expensive.

During the fourth week my son began to worry about next month's rent. He said he never knew food cost so much. You got a lousy little bath for sixpence too. Telephone calls ran away with an awful lot of money.

We thought my son was getting thin. He said he had plenty to eat. Eggs and cheese were full of protein. Was brown bread more nourishing than white bread? How did you stop bacon from burning when you cooked it? And why do sausages always burst?

Midsummer Morning

LIKE empty wraiths, the dark clouds, thinned
Race to the north before the wind.
Each polished leaf on beech and plane
On fresh speared grass shakes off the rain.
The new-fledged birds stretch to the light,
And warming sun gilds all in sight.
Flutter and song in apple trees,
A dewed rose bending in the breeze—
One face alone is seen to pout . . .
I wish I'd got the washing out.

Rose scattered on the grass,
Birds soaked to yellow skin,
Each tree a spongy mass—
I wish I'd left it in.

— SHELAGH VOUILLEMIN

The fifth week my son ate with us four nights out of seven. He said now the evenings were drawing in, he rather missed us. Home, after all, was home. Going out every evening was a bit expensive and he was tired by the time he had finished his chores.

I said what chores? He said well, he was first up every morning so he got his own breakfast. It was only cereal and milk and black coffee because he didn't have time to make toast or cook anything. Sometimes it was only coffee if they had run out of milk.

The others were terribly untidy. Clothes and shoes all over the place. Beds unmade day after day. They'd not had clean sheets for two weeks because no one had remembered to send the laundry. Washing was hanging up everywhere. The flat was very dusty. The kitchen table was always covered with dirty crockery and silver and cutlery.

He was first home so he did the washing up right away. Then he had his tea and afterwards swept the kitchen. He had his bath and washed his smalls. Usually he didn't bother about supper unless he was asked out. He was too tired to cook anything when he got home from a film or the jazz club or skating. They never seemed to eat a meal together. Besides, it saved money.

He produced the dog-end of a cheaper brand of cigarette from his pocket and lit it.

When he went off that evening the flat seemed too quiet somehow.

On an impulse I picked up my bedside phone about eleven thirty and dialled my son's number. He answered it and said the others were still out.

I said as his father was away so much I was getting very nervous without a man in the house. I was thinking of getting a young man lodger. Perhaps he knew someone...

My son said it was his duty really to live with us. Probably he could fix up another chap to take his place in the all male household. — DIANA CHILDE

☆

"COUPLE urgently require Furnished Flat Chelmsford; baby expected; preferably self-contained. Box —"

Essex Newsman Herald

What do you mean, preferably?

Marital Tie

JUST left myself time to change. Oh no, no! Not your dress-tie! What on earth did you do before we married? You must have worn them. I can remember you did. You never said anything about their becoming my responsibility when you stopped being a bachelor.

Your friends used to tie them for you? Well why can't they go on tying them? Wear a scarf and then get one of these neat-fingered pals to help in the cloakroom.

Their wives all tie their ties? I don't believe it! Roger is a man who prides himself on his competence. He'd never let a woman fiddle round his Adam's apple. Reggie's a born mechanic. Arthur's a doctor. Doctors are always tying things and they have to stay tied.

Oh, you're talking about the average man. Tell me this—do keep your head still—why won't you wear a ready-made tie? I know all about the jokes in old novels when it was almost as bad as saying "serviette" but surely in a mechanized age that prides itself on its packaging men's dress could be allowed to evolve a bit.

Your old father is irrelevant. This is 1961. Surely there must be mass

produced plastic bows: "Throw away after use." Hell, it's unfolded again.

Either do it yourself or keep quiet and let me try to follow the instructions. I never remember them from one time to the next. Unless I get it fairly condensed to start with I'm going to watch it slowly uncoil. And I'm not going to struggle with it in public. Unless you can dare an old pal to demonstrate his forgotten skills, you'll have to bribe a waiter.

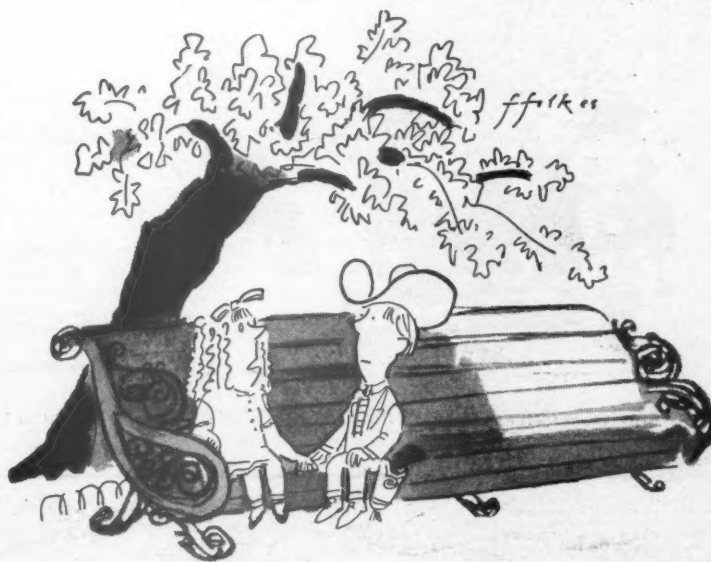
I don't mind doing absolutely anything for you when I can see any use in it; but this is sheer, footling, stupid waste of time. Now the damn thing's come out vertical. Really, it's driving me mad. Don't look so calm.

I didn't say I wanted you to make conversation.

Women's dresses used to be elaborate but we've moved with the times and simplified them. We can't expect to be able to call for help; we just have to go ahead and get into them and then turn to the next job.

Got it at last. Of course, I wasn't really angry with you. I like you to look nice.

No, don't go. I shall need you to zip me up. — GRACE CATHCART



"You're certainly very fast on the draw but what a girl wants is security."



TOBY COMPETITIONS

No. 175—New Look Crook

BANK robbers, card-sharpers, confidence tricksters—we have all got rather tired of the same old criminals. Invent a new kind of criminal: Name, *modus operandi*, thumbnail biography of leading specimen. Limit 100 words.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, July 26.** Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 175, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 172

(Startime)

Mae West was far and away the most popular subject for short verses about film-stars. Praise preponderated over blame, but in their enthusiasm for their subjects many competitors failed to say what made their favourite hero or heroine different from other stars. The winner is:

D. R. PEDDY
300 BARING ROAD
LEE SE12

'Twixt Dizzy, Rothschild, and the Iron Duke,
There is, at most, a very slight connection,
Except in this: that, by the merest fluke,
They all portrayed George Arliss to perfection.



"Do you mind not smoking while I'm eating?"

Following are the runners-up:

Though he isn't glam, or skittish,
All the fans love Richard Wattis;
He has such a very British
Epiglottis.

Paul Randall, 53 Hans Road, London, S.W.3

My daughter's question made me chortle;
"Who's Greta Garbo?" "Why," I said,
"A film star, just about immortal!"
"Living, or dead?"

John R. Kohr, 80 Blenheim Drive, Ottawa 2, Canada

When Brigitte Bardot wears a dress
We still admire her torso;
When she is wearing rather less
We do it rather more so.

Martin Rudd, 55 Duke's Avenue, London, W.4

GRETA GARBO
You want to be alone—and so you are.
The rest are nowhere—you the only star.

John Pinsent, University of Liverpool

The best I can do is this scrawl of a
Verse (not a book with a preface) on
Hardy (whose forename was Oliver)
And Laurel (whose real name was Jefferson).

J. A. Lindon, 89 Terrace Road, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey

"Come up and see me sometime": she devised
This man-devouring phrase that brought her fame;
Yet her pneumatic charm's immortalized
In that life-saving gear that bears her name.

M. O. Carter, Belvedere, Leighwoods, Bristol, 8

Twinkle, twinkle little star
How I wonder WHO you are!
Libel laws suppress your name
Isn't that a jolly shame!

Ralph C. Hazell, Knives Farm, Prestwood, Great Missenden, Buckinghamshire

☆

"This 'monstrous piece of vandalism,' as a member of the Society for the Preservation of Rural England promptly described it, has brought a stream of letters of protest to the district council.

They have come from the Council for Nature, the Nature Conservancy, the National Trust, the Hampshire and Surrey County Trusts, the Selborne Society, indigent dons from Oxford's Oriel College, of which White was a Fellow, and numerous individuals."

—The New York Times

Pass round the mortar-board.

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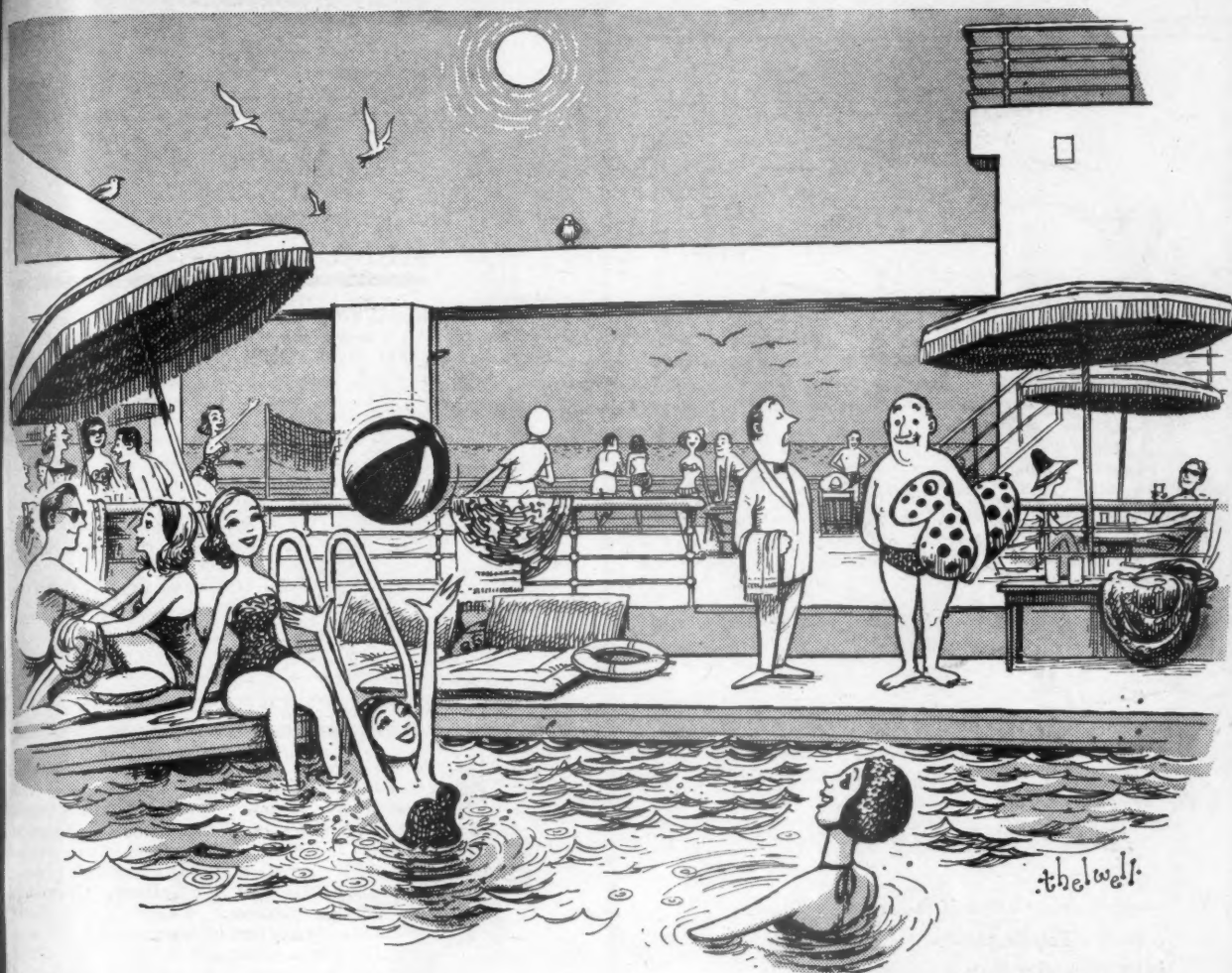
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"I fear the water's a trifle choppy, m'lord"

Yes, there's a little splashing in the swimming pool with those girls at the deep end. But it's a blue millpond to the horizon from the rails. This is the Windsor Castle, giantess of the sunshine fleet of mailships that serve England and South Africa. Where (give Latitude and Longitude if you can) is the Windsor Castle in Thelwell's picture? The gulls suggest she's less than a day out from Madeira or Las Palmas. Further south they would be albatrosses, though not sitting, and

not in numbers. Anyway, the sun's hot and the company obviously enjoying itself. That could be anywhere on the 6,000 mile voyage. Vast space, Lucullan food, comfort and elegance throughout, air-conditioned cabins, a big cinema, faultless service. Can't you think of an excuse for a voyage in the Windsor Castle? If you like, we'll send you a fulsome booklet about her. But we must warn you, it will fill you with passionate longing.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE XXII

children on the first floor at Harrods, attached to the Children's Shop. Quite new in this store is the electronic piano in the piano department: similar models can be ordered. For the week beginning July 17 Bentalls of Kingston will have wine-tasting in their wine department. Under investigation is a French red wine.

MUSIC



Royal Festival Hall. July 18-21, 8 pm, July 22, 5 and 8 pm, London's Festival Ballet. *The Snow Maiden.* July 23, 6 pm, *Othello* (film). July 23, 8.30 pm, *The Queen of Spades* (film). July 24-28, 8 pm, London's Festival Ballet. *The Snow Maiden.*

Wigmore Hall. July 20, 7 pm, Miss Dorothy Hesse: pupils' concert. July 22, 3 pm, Miss Hilda Bor: pupils' concert.

Sadler's Wells. July 19, *Night Shadow* and *The Sylphides.* July 20 and 21, *Night Shadow*, *Czernyana*, *Night and Silence* and *Hazana.* July 22, *Coppelia.* July 24, *The Sylphides* and *Night Shadow.* July 25, *Laidrette*, *Façade*, *Night and Silence*, *Place in the Desert.*

GALLERIES



Arts Council. Architecture To-day: selection from British achievement of the past ten years. **Beaux Arts.** Summer exhibition. **Brook Street.** Pascin drawings and watercolours. **Commonwealth Institute.** "Commonwealth Vision: painters." **Frost & Reed.** Modern French paintings. **Guildhall Art Gallery.** Ceremonial and London pictures. **Leger.** Old master paintings and early English watercolours. **O'Hana.** Chagall. **Paris.** Abstract variations II. **Polish Cultural Institute.** Architecture in Poland. **Tate.** Daumier. **Upper Grosvenor.** Jacqueline Cerrano. **V & A.** Kuniyoshi centenary exhibition. **Wildenstein.** Dufy.

RESTAURANT SELECTION

The symbol SM = standard meal, arbitrarily chosen as soup, steak, two vegetables, ice-cream and coffee in order to give an approximate indication of prices.



L'Aiglon, 44 Old Church St., SW3. Small, smart, amateur in a nice way. Dinner only, incl. Sundays. Bookings FLA 8650. No licence, but pub across the road. SM, say £1.

Alexander's, 138a King's Road, SW3. Comfortable candlelit basement, open for lunch and dinner (dinner only Sundays). Must book—KN 4604. Fully licensed. SM about 25/-.

Caprice, Arlington House, Arlington St., W1. Smart, celebrity-spangled. Booking absolutely vital (HYD 3183); not after 11.30 pm, not Sundays. Table d'hôte luncheon 21/6, dinner 27/6.

Casserole, 338 King's Road, SW3. Small, chic, casseroles (naturally) a speciality, with jacket potatoes *compris*. Morning coffee, lunch, tea, dinner incl. Sunday (Sunday lunches up to about 3.30). SM about 25/-; no licence, pub adjacent.

Chanterelle, 119 Old Brompton St., SW7. Smallish, pretty, menu short but unusual, cooking above average. Wine licence only. No lunches Sunday. SM say 25/-.

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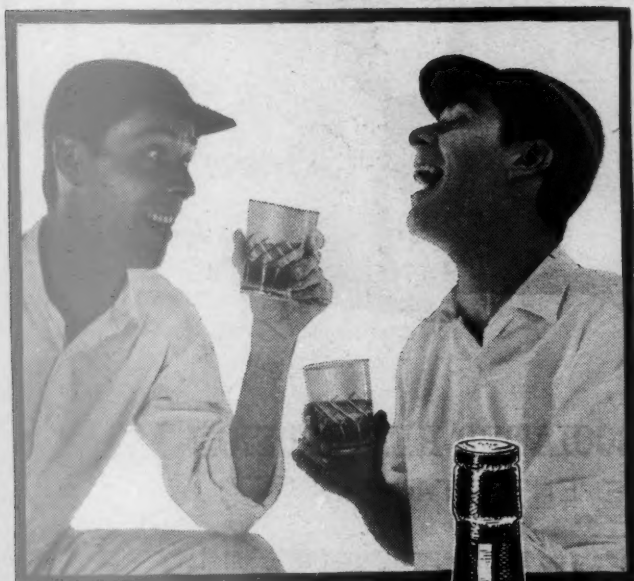
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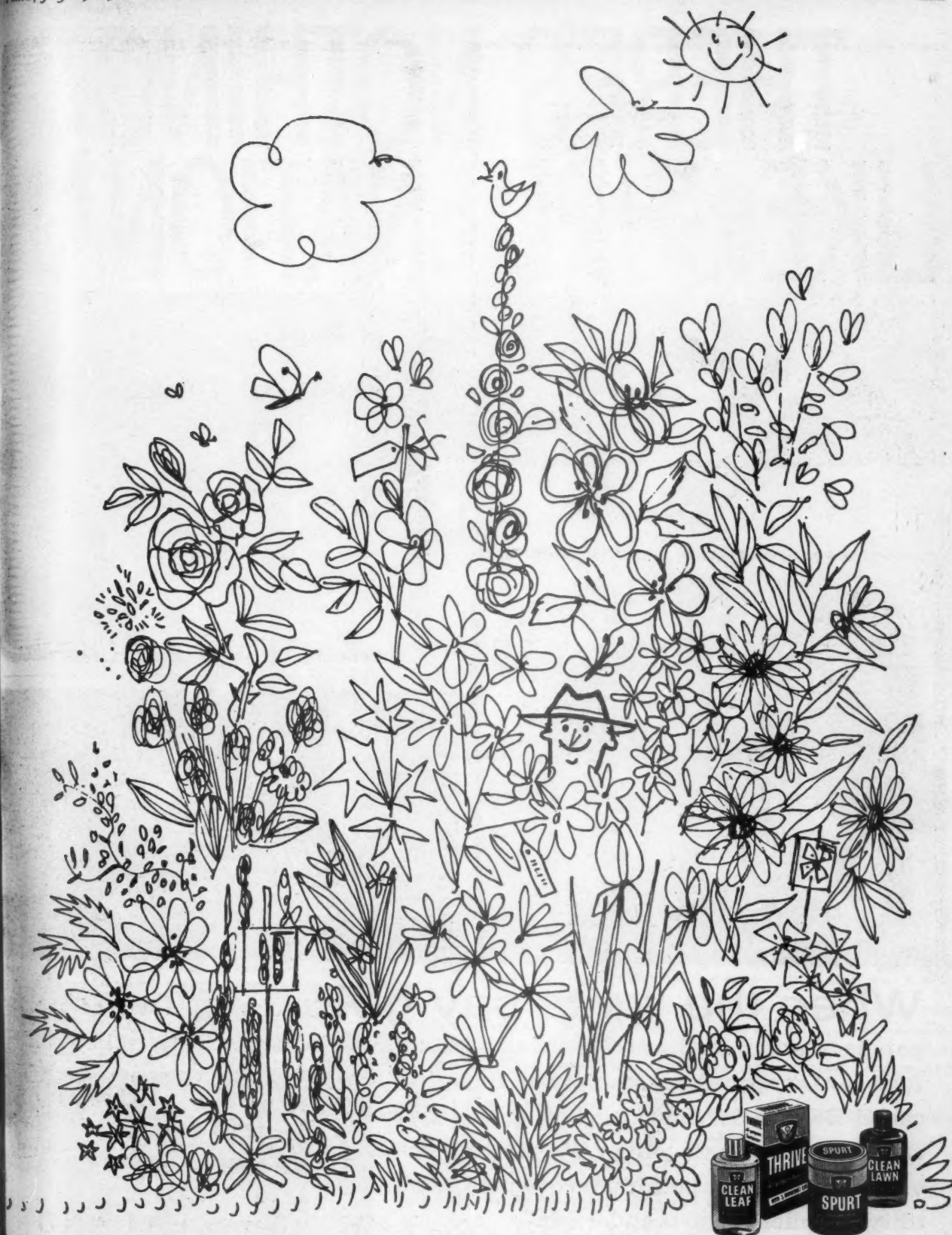


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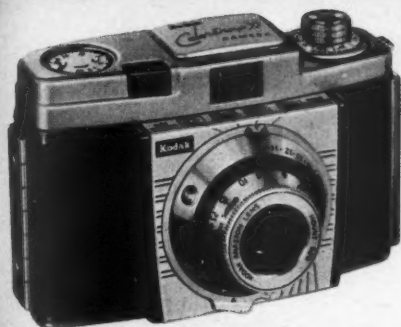
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Australian student finds colour so easy with his new Kodak camera

Here he is snapping a Chelsea Pensioner in brilliant colour with his 'Colorsnap' camera

To Australian student, Donald Hughes, a Chelsea Pensioner looked a perfect glimpse of colourful Old England. So out came his Kodak 'Colorsnap' camera to catch Company Sergeant Major Wood 'directing traffic' in the grounds of the Royal Hospital. It made a vivid, memorable picture.

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'KODACOLOR' film for colour prints.

And, of course, the famous Kodak black-and-white films.

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A bit of the traditional colour of Old England, to show the folks at home. This is just one of the lovely colour shots taken by Australian Donald Hughes with his Kodak 'Colorsnap' camera.



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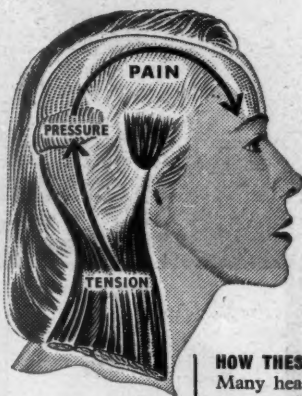
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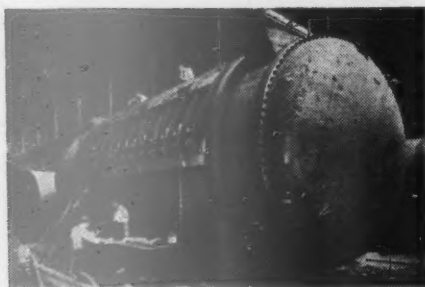


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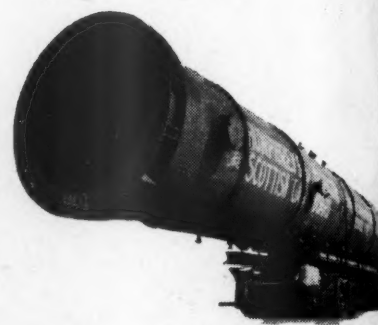
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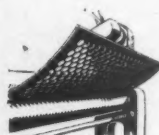
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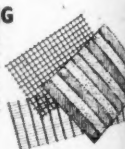
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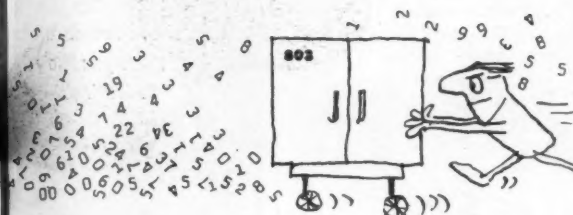
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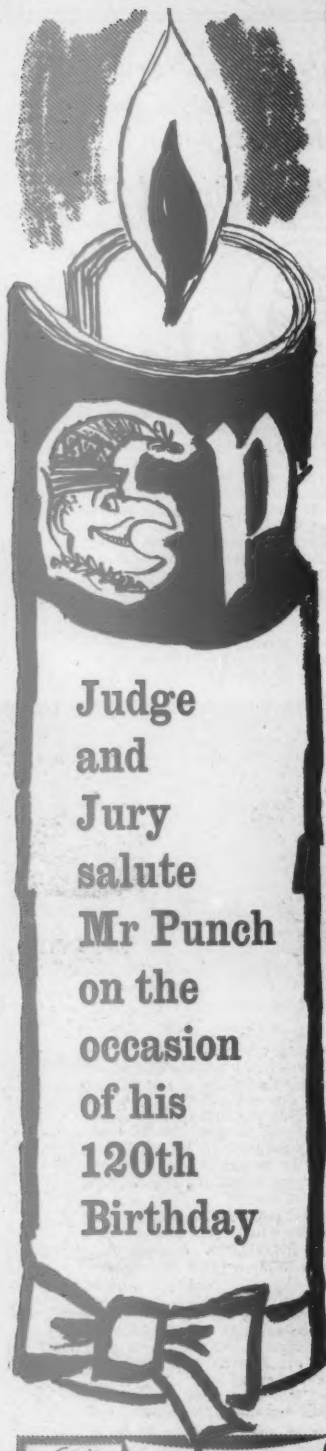
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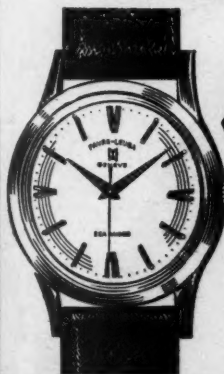
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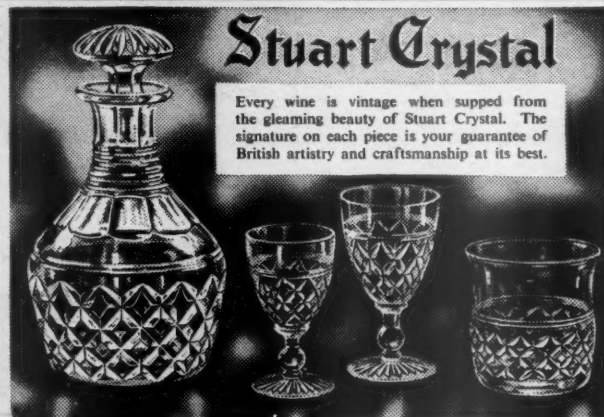
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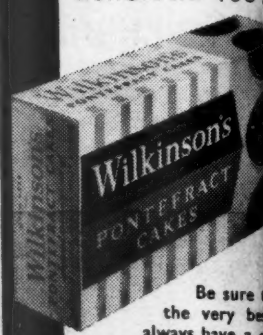


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At this time the Bank was a stripling some twelve years old, an institution in the making as *Punch* was in the field of wit and humour. Those busy imperial days provided each of them with the opportunity it needed, the one to serve the rapidly growing commerce and industry of the north, the other to make sure that the successful never took themselves too seriously.

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LIMITED

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LONDON CITY OFFICE: 75 CORNHILL, E.C.3.

560 BRANCHES

TOTAL ASSETS £289,000,000

Questions & Answers

that savers often ask us & that they're very glad to hear

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Will my money earn good interest?

Yes, indeed—3½% per annum (rising to 3¾% from 1 October 1961) with income tax paid by the Society. This represents £5.14.3.% (£6.2.5.% from 1 October) when tax is paid at the standard rate. Build-Up Shares will go up to 4½%—equivalent to £6.13.9.% when tax is paid at the standard rate.

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The
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that's
setting
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2
6



English Cheddar Cheese by courtesy of Selfridge & Co.

Try a little cheese with your Whitbread.

IS it because they're both products of the sun and soil that Whitbread and cheese go so happily together? Let gastronomes dispute the reason, while other people enjoy the result—a flavour combination so clean and fresh that it will enliven the most blunted appetite. Any cheese will do

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a flavour to intrigue you



a pleasure to transform you

a WHITBREAD makes the most of you

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